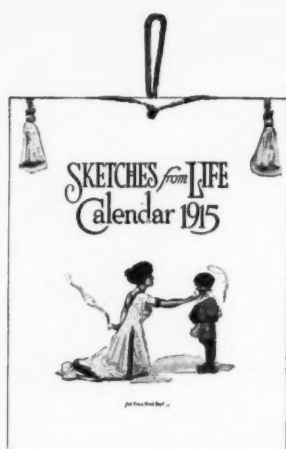
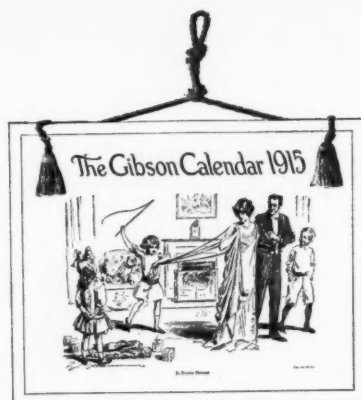


"WEREN'T THEY FUNNY?"



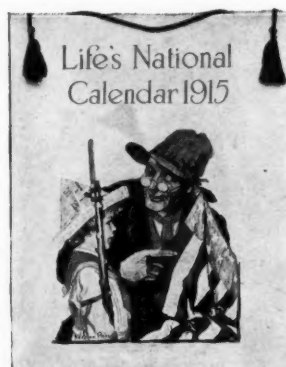
"Sketches from Life" Calendar



The Gibson Calendar



Life's Calendar



Life's National Calendar

*Life*  
Calendars  
for 1915  
are now ready

### *Time Is Fleeting*

This means that, if you want any of the Life calendars this year, you should take time by the forelock.

These calendars sell rapidly. This is the first announcement that they are ready.

We know a man who has for years made a practice of sending them, as they are issued each year, to a list of friends as a Christmas remembrance. Each calendar contains just the right combination of good cheer and thought to make the ideal Christmas gift.

Besides, it is with your friend during the year.

Saves time.

Address,

LIFE PUBLISHING CO.  
17 West 31st Street  
New York

#### *What They Cost to You*

Each calendar comes in a wrapper, tied with a silk cord and tassel, and put in an art box. Size of calendar, 12 x 15 inches.

Printed on heavy coated stock, every picture can be taken out of the calendar and framed separately.

Each calendar \$1.25 net.

Sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.

**The BILTMORE**  
NEW YORK

**America's Latest and Most Refined and New York's Centermost Hotel**

Only hotel occupying an entire city block. Vanderbilt and Madison Aves. 43d and 44th Sts., adjoining Grand Central Terminal

1000 rooms; 950 with bath — Room rates from \$2.50 per day. Suites from 2 to 15 rooms for permanent occupancy. Large and small ball, banquet and dining salons and suites specially arranged for public or private functions.

**John McE. Bowman**  
Vice-Pres.

### A Natural Product

**SAYS** the New York Press:

It costs \$200.83 to maintain each inmate of a State prison for one year. It costs \$24.42 a year for each person on probation.

Our neighbor should remember, however, that the object of having jails is not to save money. On the contrary, the more money that is spent on jails, the more contractors and other functionaries can be employed and the stronger are the regular politicians.

The more machinery a State has, the better it is for these politicians. Hence jails.



**Robby:** ELSIE, I—I L-LOVE YOU!

"OH, ROBERT!"

"WELL, SKINNY ADAMS DARED ME TO SAY IT!"

The Episode at the Union Club  
**VAN SLATTER'S** cab, laden with foreign-looking boxes and bags fresh from the ship, turned the corner sharply into Broadway. He had been touring abroad for five years and was amazed at the changes that had taken place in the lower part of the city. But what impressed him most strongly was the fact that business seemed to be suspended. There appeared to be some tense excitement in the air, and along the pavement fronting the big Broadway buildings masses of bunting and garlands of flowers lay ready for adjustment, the workmen standing anxiously by, waiting some signal to proceed with their decorating.

Van Slatter racked his brains to recall what public event could be in course of celebration. Then he remembered that the wireless had referred to some criminal trial that was attracting attention, but he never read news aboard ship and had missed the matter. Now he was so keenly impressed with the expectant silence that brooded over the city, the unhung flags and garlands, that he stopped the taxi, alighted and sent his luggage on to his hotel.

He stepped into a famous downtown café, where men crowded breathlessly about a ticker. Little was said, but he learned that the Stock Exchange was closed and that most of the mob were bankers and brokers waiting the verdict, now due, in a murder trial upon which thousands of dollars were wagered. He learned to his surprise that the sympathies of the entire nation were with the accused and that the bunting he had seen along the

**CORK STRIP ACROSS BOX**

**BENSON & HEDGES**

*London*  
**CIGARETTES**  
*Celebrated for*  
**MILDNESS with FLAVOR**

LONDON NEW YORK MONTREAL

streets was to be hung in the case of the expected verdict of acquittal.

He followed the throng making its way toward the Courthouse, realizing thoroughly that he was once more on his native sod, where the sympathies of the public so often went out to criminals. A remarkably well-dressed throng of clubmen and ladies in motors surrounded the Courthouse steps, with doctors, lawyers and professional men elbowing each other in the crush. Then a mighty cheer went up within

(Continued on page 1065.)

**The pleasure of living lies in using good things moderately.**

**It is thus with eating, with drinking, with playing, with working, with everything.**

**And it is for the man who knows well the benefits of moderation that we make a wonderfully mild and mellow Whiskey and put it in Non-Refillable Bottles—Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!**

**FREE CLUB RECIPES**—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 13 East 31st Street, N. Y. That's All!

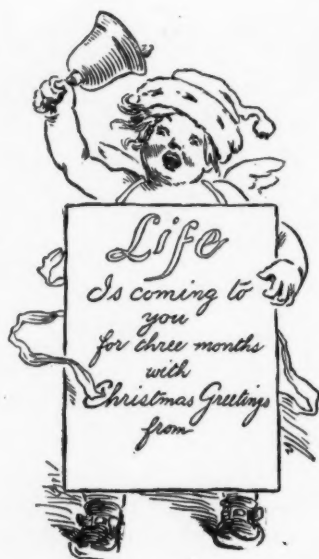




*Better Late Than Never*

*There Is Yet Time to Obey That Impulse*

If you wish to rid yourself of the bother of shopping and to send a Christmas gift to some friend now, send us the money at once (see coupon), and we will send him a beautiful card announcing the fact that he will receive *LIFE* every Tuesday during the coming year.



This is a miniature reproduction of the card sent with three months' subscriptions. An equally attractive one is used for yearly orders.

*"WHERE LOVE IS," handsome premium picture in colors, given with each yearly subscription.*

**The Christmas Number of *LIFE* is now on sale everywhere. 25 Cents a copy.**

**Special Offer**

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send *LIFE* for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate.

*LIFE*, 17 West 31st Street, New York 72

One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)





"WHAT'S HE CHASIN' YER FER, MICKEY?"

"I DUNNO. I TREW TWO SNOWBALLS AT HIM, BUT I MISSED HIM."

### The Episode at the Union Club

(Continued from page 1063.)

the old court building, re-echoing outside. "Not guilty!" was the glad cry. Men threw up their hats, tears streaming from their eyes as they clasped each other's hands and wrung them fervently. The women shrieked with delight, waving flags and handkerchiefs, laughing hysterically.

At last there was a lull and a cordon of police made a way from the door through which came a tall, pale, haggard-looking man whom Van Slatter at once recognized as his old friend Doble. The air thundered with greetings as he stepped forward, escorted by the cheering jury and several smiling judges in their robes.

Doble raised his hand deprecatingly toward the crowd as though entreating silence, but they pressed forward and carried him on their shoulders to a waiting motor, while the women's bouquets fell about him. Van Slatter,



### The Perfect Dress Tie

*The tie with the button-on tabs*

*The tie is anchored to the front collar button, the central and only proper place, thus positively centering the knot when tied. ~ 50 cents and better.*

**Keys & Lockwood**  
New York



## WHAT HAS BECOME of the ANGLO-SAXON in AMERICA ?

Where are the descendants of our trail-blazers? Our builders of roads? Our clearers of the forests?



Photo by H. E. Willie

## HONORÉ WILLSIE

(Author of "HEART OF THE DESERT," Etc.)

answers these questions in her fascinating and compelling new Novel

## "STILL JIM"

"Still Jim" is an intensely interesting story of a young New England engineer, descended from the sturdy old Plymouth Rock stock, who finds himself and his kind crowded out of their old homes.

Jim goes West, building dams. Through his experience she finds *why* the Anglo-Saxon has failed in America.

Mrs. Willsie's story gives a startling answer to a very important question, and in addition is an absorbing romance filled to the brim with action.

BEGIN IT IN

*Everybody's Magazine*

FOR DECEMBER

mystified, finally found a man who would listen to his inquiry as to Doble's crime. The man, radiantly hoarse from shouting, turned in amazement at the question.

"Why, don't you know?" he asked; "he killed a waiter at the Union Club."

"Killed a waiter?" exclaimed Van Slatter, horrified; "how did it happen?"

"He'd ordered his lunch," explained the man, "saying he had a train to catch in a terrible hurry. Well, the man kept him waiting half an hour,

running back and forth with bread and ice and things, saying he'd have the food there directly. When he brought it, it was raw, but Doble, his overcoat half on, began to eat like a wolf, with one eye on his watch, though he knew quite well that he had lost the train."

"Yes?" questioned Van Slatter blankly.

"Well, just then the waiter came up and asked him if everything was all right, sir."

Kate Masterson.



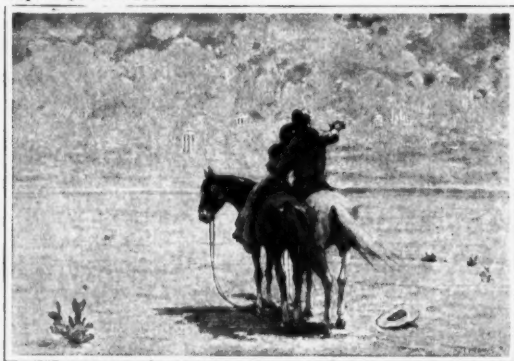
## ARROW Evening SHIRTS

*"Donchester"* A dress shirt with the bosom put on in such a way that it remains flat and in its place, whether the wearer sits, stoops or stands. It is the most practical, popular and comfortable evening dress shirt made \$2 to \$3

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc., Makers of ARROW COLLARS. TROY, N. Y.

## Life's Premium to Subscribers

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



WHERE LOVE IS

(By Angus MacDonall)

A reproduction of this picture in full color, showing the vivid golden light effect of the desert, and measuring 15 by 10 inches on paper 21 by 16 inches in size, will be sent on each yearly subscription entered before April 1, 1915.

A subscription to LIFE is the best possible gift, whether to yourself or some one else—a copy of LIFE every week, fifty-two copies a year, and this picture, all for the regular subscription price.\*

\*Subscription, \$5.00 Canadian, \$5.52 Foreign, \$6.04

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

17 West 31st Street, New York



"APOLLO  
AND  
THE  
MUSES"

By  
THOR  
WALDSEN

Bas-relief,  
Ivory

Finish  
10" x 5"

Ready to hang  
on your wall.

## For You and Your Friends!

1. You may have the exquisite Bas-relief shown above, absolutely without cost, all charges prepaid, if you subscribe to *The Craftsman* ("the most worth-while magazine in America") for four months, \$1.00.



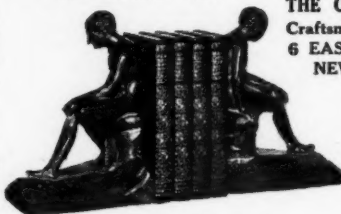
"THE CROUCHING VENUS"

2. You may have your choice of any pair of the genuine "Bronzkraft" Book Ends shown here, reproducing famous masterpieces of sculpture—absolutely free, all charges prepaid, if you subscribe to *The Craftsman* for one year, \$3.00. Each issue of *The Craftsman* is really a book of 150 to 200 pages on art, good taste in building and furnishing, etc.

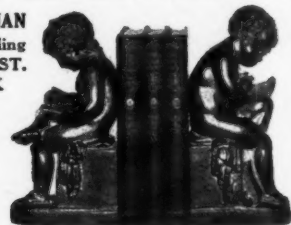
If not entirely pleased for any reason whatever, your remittance will be instantly returned, and you may return Bas-relief or Book Ends at our expense.

Use These as Xmas Gifts: send as many subscriptions as you like for your friends—magazine and gifts may go to the same or separate addresses, as you direct. Mention *Life*, and write at once, addressing

THE CRAFTSMAN  
Craftsman Building  
6 EAST 39th ST.  
NEW YORK



"MERCURY, SEATED"



"READING AND WRITING"



AFTER THE WAR IS OVER

OLLO  
ND  
HE  
SES"  
by  
OR-  
DSEN  
elief,  
ory  
Finish  
x 5"  
to hang  
r wall.

charges  
erica")  
of the  
roduc-  
free,  
aman  
man is  
ste in

tever,  
d you  
pense.  
many  
azine  
es, as  
essing



# Life



WATCHFUL WAITING.



## The New Order

(1950.)

"I HAVE come to treat you regularly."

The young doctor who had just entered the room smiled complacently as she gazed at him in the utmost astonishment.

"To treat me regularly!" she exclaimed. "What can you mean? I am perfectly healthy, never had a

doctor in my life. There is absolutely nothing the matter with me."

Her guest made a note in his book.

"Good!" he replied. "That was the report we had, but it is always better to have it confirmed from headquarters. Sure there's nothing the matter with you?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"Fine! We will begin treatment at once."

"What do you mean, sir?"

In reply the stranger opened his coat and showed his badge.

"You see, madam," he said, "the Medical Trust now controls the government. It is our aim to make the practice of medicine as universal as possible. In order to do this, we must, of course, continue our experiments. It, therefore, follows that healthy persons, as undesirable citizens, bring in no revenue. To-morrow, madam, at three for your first serum treatment. Good morning."



THE HORSE SHOW OF 1950





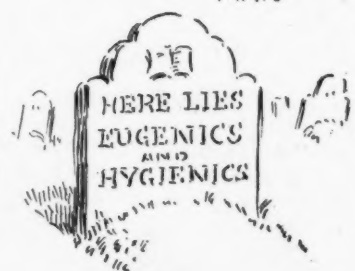
WOMAN



LOVE



MAN



THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



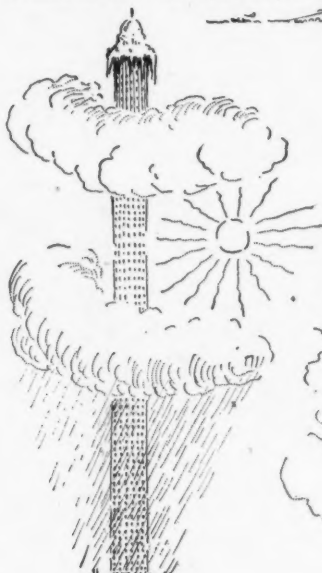
STREET CAR



ATLANTIC OCEAN



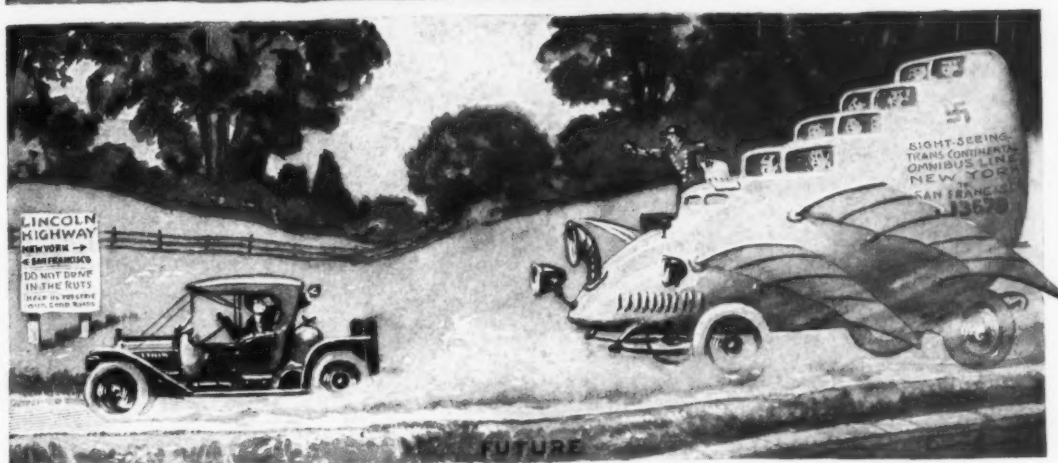
PORTABLE WIRELESS TELEPHONE



HOTEL



A. WALKER



OBSTRUCTING THE HIGHWAY



THE MISSING LINK



## A Knight of the New Propaganda

**SCENE**—Midnight. An elderly man, smoking a cigarette, stretched in an armchair, reading newspaper. A young man enters.

**ELDERLY MAN:** Hello! When did you get back?

**YOUNG MAN:** Just now. You can put me up for the night, I suppose?

**E. M.:** I suppose so. Your mother won't be back for a couple of hours yet. What are you doing?

**Y. M.:** Trying to meet some bills. It will take about a thousand.

**E. M. (starting up angrily):** A thousand! Do you know how much you've cost me already since you entered college?

**Y. M.:** A round sum. Nothing, sir, to what I will cost you. You ought to be glad you've got it.

**E. M.:** What the devil do you mean? That's rank incivility. You'll get no money from me. What nerve! Haven't you got any respect for your father left?

**Y. M. (dryly):** None! (*Tossing some bills on the desk*): Will you pay these, or will you give me the cash to pay them? It doesn't make any difference to me. You'll have to pay them. It's the modern law of parental averages.

**E. M. (thoroughly enraged):** This beats anything I ever listened to! One word more and I'll thrash you! (*Mutters to himself and sinks back in chair. Then starts up again.*) Never in my life have I heard such rank impertinence. What's the matter with you, anyway?

**Y. M. (calmly):** Nothing much. I've been studying conditions, that's all. It's a part of the regular college course. It's called the new college freedom.

**E. M.:** What is it?

**Y. M.:** Well, we face things frankly. It was started by some professor, who told the truth, and it got into the papers. He was a Socialist, or something of that sort. The faculty tried to fire him, but the old millionaire who had put up the ducats for the college was a new-freedom guy himself. So he fired the faculty and made the professor president. You ought to know this—you read the papers.

**E. M.:** I am not interested in educational matters. I have troubles of my own. Well, go on.

**Y. M.:** It isn't my business to go on—your case, and those of thousands of others like yours, will be taken up in good time by the proper authorities. I'm tired. I'm going to bed. You can pay that thousand any way you want. Good-night.

**E. M.:** Hey! Hold on there! Your extraordinary impudence needs some fuller explanation. Haven't you any sense of responsibility?

**Y. M.:** Not toward you—that is, as an individual.

**E. M.:** What do you mean?

**Y. M.:** It's quite simple. You've never shown the slightest sense of responsibility toward me. All you have done has been to pay others to take care of me, with money that you obtained dishonestly. That's one reason why you have to pay my debts. If you had ever displayed any personal responsibility for me you wouldn't have the debts to pay. It's a sociological, economic law, that's all. You have expended your efforts in other directions to get money to pay for me. If you had expended your efforts on me, you probably wouldn't have so much of the money, and I would be able to pay for myself. I owe you nothing, not even respect. With you, I was an accident. With me, you are an incident.

**E. M.:** This is too much! This is awful!

**Y. M. (advancing, while the expression of his face suddenly changes):** Wait, father. Listen for a moment. I had an object in what I said. I spoke from my standpoint as an individual—I wished to present that standpoint in order to make an impression upon you. But now I speak to you from the bigger, broader view. Listen, father. I want to save you.

**E. M. (astonished):** What do you mean?

**Y. M.:** Quite simple, I assure you. If you look at those bills you will see they are not the selfish bills of the irresponsible college boy of the past.

They are for the expense of meetings, balls, text-books, my share of the grand propaganda.

**E. M. (dryly, tossing the papers on the desk):** The object of which is—

**Y. M.:** To save you; to give you some sense of your civic duty, your duty to your children, and thus, ultimately, to the State. It's a big movement—we college fellows are all in it. We mean business. The women are on our side. Father, I want to bring you to a realizing sense of your duty—you must stop smoking cigarettes; it impairs your efficiency. You must not spend your time reading the headlines, accumulating unearned increment, idling on exchanges, utterly indifferent to the proletariat. Father, this must stop! Remember, we will help you—by personal example, correspondence, by every—

(*The outside door has opened, there are steps, the portières are thrown back and a handsome, middle-aged woman enters.*)

**THE WOMAN (embracing the young man):** My boy!

**THE Y. M. (raptly returning the embrace):** Mother!

**THE FATHER (tossing his cigarette-stump into the ash-receiver and getting up, as he turns to his wife, released from her son's embrace):** You ought to hear what this insufferable little cad has been saying to me! (*To his son.*) You ought to have a good thrashing. (*Edging toward the door.*) But I'm not going to get into any long-winded discussion to-night. My brain is tired. I'll see you in the morning, young man. (*He kisses his wife mechanically on the cheek and goes off into the darkness.*)

**THE MOTHER (putting her hands on her boy's shoulders and looking searchingly into his eyes):** Have you any hope? Do you think you can save him?

**THE SON (his eyes illuminated with divine fire):** Mother, remember that there is no soul so steeped in shame, degradation and civic unrighteousness that there is not hope for him!

T. L. M.



### The Kaiser Prays

I THANK Thee, God, for naming me  
Vice-Regent of the realm of might.  
Thou art the King of War. I pray  
Thy wrath on those who block the way  
Of my God-given right.

My gun is worthy Thy great name,  
My engines leave a trail of dead,  
Beneath the waves like serpents stray  
My submarines—O grant that they  
May consternation spread.

My winged craft in heaven's expanse  
Drip death and ruin where they glide.  
Tho' temples crumble into mould,  
New culture shall replace the old,  
O Lord, with them abide.

Grant me more secrets how to kill,  
Some stifling gas—some deadlier bomb,  
For I would slay at greater pace—  
Hurl countless legions, by Thy grace,  
To everlasting doom.

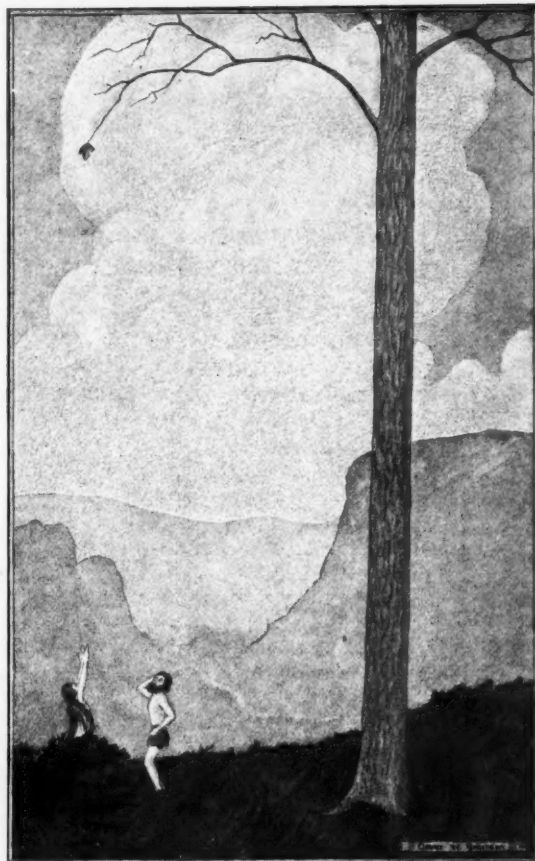
Give me the art of training men  
To iron hearts, from pity freed;  
O bless my spies in every land,  
Teach them those methods underhand  
Which quick to victory lead.

I give Thee praise for Thy great help  
In crushing Belgium's valiant force,  
For thousands dead, and millions more  
Who, driven from their native shore,  
No more obstruct my course.

Grant, Lord, that England, too, may fall  
Beneath my justly risen wrath;  
That France, despoiled of men and lands,  
May pour her treasures in my hands  
And tread a humbler path.

The Japanese have dared contest  
My right divine on Asia's shore;  
Annihilate them if Thou wilt,  
Chastise Italians for their guilt;  
These blessings I implore.

Slay Thou the Russian hosts for me,  
From Königsberg to Budapest  
Let death o'ertake the Slavic horde,  
And tell me when my righteous sword  
Should pierce Columbia's breast?



"I SIMPLY MUST HAVE IT, ADAM. I HAVEN'T A THING  
TO WEAR!"

Let every race make room for me,  
Let every nation hear my call;  
The flag of culture I've unfurled,  
Grant Germany may rule the world  
And I be monarch over all.

Amen. H. R. B.

### Credit

CREDIT is an estimate of your capacity to worry about paying your bills which is held about you by a lot of total strangers. Credit is also a belief held of your ability to pay for something long after you have ceased to derive any benefit from it. Credit is likewise a guage of your willingness to deceive yourself into the belief that you can afford to buy something because you cannot pay cash for it. If everybody paid cash, there would be no bond issues, no huge clerical forces, no national debts, no armies or military systems, no schools such as exist to-day, no war, no degenerate fashions—nothing but plain, everyday living. Credit enables everybody to live a fictitious existence. Nothing exceeds like credit.



*Traffic Cop (in 1950):* HERE, NIX ON THAT THIRTY-MILE-AN-HOUR GAIT—YOU'RE BLOCKIN' THE TRAFFIC!

## One Page of History

(In 1950.)

GOVERNMENT ownership of everything there was having been at last consummated, it was discovered necessary, in the emergency, to keep the minds of the people active.

It was, therefore, thought desirable by some of the brightest minds to ask the question as to who should own the government.

Some eccentric person, in a rash moment, suggested that the people should do this. Upon consultation among the highest authorities, however, which included historians, scientists and many others, it was learned that there was no case on record of this having been done before. There being no precedent, therefore the suggestion was naturally abandoned.

Fortunately at this psychological moment several new amusements even worse than the movies, the tango and motor-cars having been invented, it was thought that the people might go on for a few more centuries without becoming so restless as to express a unanimous desire to think for themselves.

## One In a Thousand

PARKE: Isn't Peterkin very religious?

LANE: Oh, yes. I hear he goes to church every month or so.

## The Cost of Living

IN arguing for the emergency currency bill, Mr. Underwood said it was not "to relieve the speculative banks in New York", but an effort to "prevent cotton from selling for five cents a pound and wheat from selling for twenty-five cents a bushel". (Applause.)

Does this simple statement furnish a clue to the high cost of living that has been bothering us so much of late? It is quite natural, of course, for the producers of cotton and wheat to seek as high a price as possible for their products; but, on the other hand, there are many millions of consumers who want to buy those commodities at as low a price as possible.

As all that, according to the economist, is taken care of by the law of supply and demand, why doesn't Congress remain neutral? If Congress is going to take sides with the producer and work to keep up the cost of living, the case for the consumer and a lower cost of living is well-nigh hopeless.

Ellis O. Jones.



WHEN THEY LOSE THEIR JOBS



## For the Sufferers

THE acknowledgments below represent contributions received at LIFE office to November 28th, inclusive:

Previously acknowledged .....	\$1,946.60
C. F., Binghamton, N. Y. ....	1.00
John, New York City. ....	25.00
Union C. E. Society, Wahoo, Nebr. ....	5.00
A. K. M. ....	100.00
M. H. M. ....	100.00
L. V. H. ....	200.00
A. C. Barrett, Warrenton, Va. ....	50.00
A. Friend, Rockford, Ill. ....	1.00
A. J., New York City. ....	5.00
A. Friend, Rockford, Ill. ....	2.00
Edmund R. Sawyer, Hartford, Conn. ....	2.00
Buffalo, Kansas ....	25.00
Catherine H. Matter, Marion, Ind. ....	2.00
O. T., Chicago, Ill. ....	5.00
Chas. W. Sanford, Clayton, N. M. ....	25.00
Mrs. Philip Marquard, Edgemoor, Del. ....	17.00
Cash, Oklahoma ....	10.00
Through Mrs. C. P. Arnold, Laramie, Wyo. ....	30.00
Nelson Bible Class, Columbus, O. ....	11.56
Mrs. E. Penfield, New York City. ....	10.00

\$2,573.16

One package of knit goods from Mrs. Daniel R. Noyes, St. Paul, Minn., forwarded direct.

In addition to the above amount, something like eighteen hundred dollars and numerous boxes of clothing have been sent by LIFE's readers to Dinard direct. These are acknowledged in detail below.

These extracts, from a letter from Mrs. Duryea, under date of November 14th, show that the generous contributions of LIFE's readers are going where they do the best that can be done in alleviating suffering.

THE EDITOR OF LIFE: Your letter asking for details of our work here has this hour arrived, and I take the greatest pleasure in telling you how far-reaching and how splendid has been the result of your goodness. My work, begun modestly in September, alone, has by your kindness leapt to such proportions that during the past ten days this committee has been formed among my friends and is already accomplishing marvels.

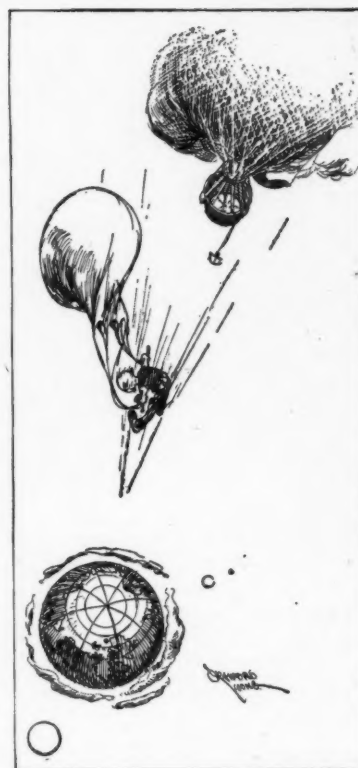
Baronne de Broqueville, our president, is only twenty-four, and the daughter-in-law of the Prime Minister of Belgium. She, too, is a refugee, having escaped from their chateau near Antwerp with her little baby as Germans galloped across the lawn; an hour later she saw the flames of her burning home against the sky.

Mrs. Edward Key, of Baltimore, has generously turned over her entire villa, and there a businesslike committee controls the affair. The Prefect sends us the name, profession, number of children and condition of every family of Belgians in this department of Ille-et-Vilaine, and the railways, having given us free passes, we are placing hundreds of idle Belgians who only pleaded for work. Thus we endeavor to raise this heroic and self-respecting people from dependency to an interest in living. Finely bred women and children are housed in peasants' huts all through this district, where unglazed windows and earthen floors are poor compensation for the comfortable homes now in ashes and for their gardens where now shattered cannon-balls replace their roses. These people are clad only in the summer things they fled in, and the LIFE fund buys woollens, stockings, shoes, medicines and food. Mrs. Van Rensselaer Thayer, who has the only motor not requisitioned by the military authorities, goes with me all through this country, carrying these good things to the victims of a malign fate.

There is no red tape about our work. Checks go to England and bounties return, free of duty. Cloth goes to our workroom, where Belgian women, paid good wages from LIFE's fund, make them up into clothing, which is distributed. How I wish you yourself could see and hear what goes on here! Men and women come, shivering in scanty clothing, not to ask for themselves, but to ask for some one else, worse off than themselves, who, unused to accepting charity, will not come themselves. But we tell them that clothing and money can never repay the debt civilization owes Belgians, and that they do us a favor by allowing us to return a tithe of what we owe them.

There are pitiful tales of heroic suffering, and when we see these old men and women sitting idle in the poor shelter of strangers, waiting, we wonder with them what they are waiting for? What has the future for them? Their sons are dead or facing death. They are adrift, without a future, without a country, robbed of everything which makes life worth living.

But you, kind donors in America, have eased their pain and comforted their bleak lives. I am a poor proxy to ex-



"FAITH, OI HOPE OI DON'T MISS TH'  
DUM THING!"

press their gratitude, but know that it is yours. Every penny you have sent them is passed on with an assurance of your sympathy and respectful admiration for what they have borne. Know that little children are warmer because of you. Remember that illness is cared for; parents are reunited to lost daughters; orphans find homes, and self-respecting men work, just because you gave.

I have also to acknowledge the subscriptions sent through our ambassador, which have not yet been received. But it is delightful to know that more is on the way, and so our thanks can also be on the wing across the sea to the donors.

Sincerely yours,  
NINA LARREY DURYEA.

Owing to the disadvantages under which the following list was made up in Dinard and the lack of time to secure corrections, there may be some

errors. LIFE has no doubt that its readers will understand the circumstances and make allowances.

Joseph Willitt, Anniston, Ala.....	\$10.00
Walter L. Head, Bangor, Me.....	20.00
Charles D. Chapman, New York City	25.00
Percy B. Lovell, Moorestown, N. Y.	1.00
Gertrude H. Curk, Cambridge, Mass. ....	2.00
F. L. Gott, Nampa, Idaho.....	1.00
Frank Winter, Benson, Ariz.....	2.00
Frank Noah, Wagoner, Okla.....	1.00
Gertrude B. Whittemore, Naugatuck, Conn. ....	50.00
S. H. Pipe, Toronto, Ont.....	8.00
Mrs. Emma D. Kemys, New York City	10.00
Charles W. Sadler, Walden, N. Y.	1.00
Mrs. Millard Salisbury, Wilmington.	50.00
Mrs. Stoiber Rood	100.00
Miss Edna W. Chamberlain, Summit, N. J. ....	65.00
Alexander P. Knapp, Roland Park, Md. ....	75.00
Refugee Subscriber	2.00
Sargent Newbury, Denver, Colo....	5.00
Mrs. B. G. Heidel, Baltimore, Md.	100.00
J. S. Carpenter, Des Moines, Iowa.	50.00
From One Who Has Felt the Horrors of War.....	2.00
Mrs. Macymber, Donerail, Ky.....	200.00
Mrs. L. V. Harkness, Donerail, Ky.	200.00
Miss Margaret Dallett, Westown, Pa.	
Mrs. Hooper Grafflin, Filton Manor, Md. ....	200.00
Robert Beardsley, Phoenix, Ariz..	25.00
L. J. Wellman, Chicago, Ill.....	1.00
Mrs. Franklin Ballou, Phila., Pa.	10.00
A. P. Rosenblatt, Hawesville, Ky.	5.00
Charlotte M. McFadden, Worcester, Mass. ....	25.00
Mrs. Chas. W. Chapin, New York City	60.00
Mrs. Wood Wiltse, Phila., Pa.	17.00
Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Haines, Ione, Ore. ....	2.00
Miss Jeanie Ewington, Los Angeles, Cal. ....	1.00
John G. Repplier, Banning, Cal....	5.00
Kate D. Bucknam, Washington, D. C. ....	10.00
Julius S. Triest, New York City	100.00
L. G. Vaura, Tuolumne, Cal.....	3.00
Dr. Gawan Ferguson, Great Falls, Mont. ....	25.00
Edwin D. Peterson, Pasadena, Cal..	5.00
Miss G. B. Whittemore, Naugatuck, Conn. ....	50.00
Mrs. H. F. Ross, Northwest Arm, Halifax	15.00
Mrs. Van Renselaer Thayer, Paris.	50.00
Mrs. J. A. Swan, Newport.....	30.00
Alexander S. Porter, Boston, Mass.	100.00
Mrs. George J. Baldwin, Flat Rock, N. C. ....	10.00

The following have sent boxes of clothing:

Miss Grace Cortis, Florence, Italy; Carl Carlsmeih, Hilo, Hawaii; Mrs. J. A. Swan, Newport; Alice E. Wilcox, Ithaca, N. Y.; Dr. Belle Macdonald, New York City; Mrs. Postley, New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Yorke, New York City; Miss Martha Codman, Newport, R. I.; William S. Rathbone, New York City; Mrs. E. Gruening, New York City; Mrs. Arthur King Wood, Ardsley-on-Hudson; Mrs. John Van Rensselaer, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. George C. Comstock, Madison, Wis.; Miss Gertrude S. Hencken, New York City; Mrs. Chester W. Chapin, New York City.

Mrs. Chester W. Chapin, New York City, has offered to take and care for fifteen children.

Mrs. W. B. Jackson, Silver Springs, Md., offers to come to Dinard and with Mr. Jackson fit up a villa for a Belgian hospital.



THE SPIRIT OF 1950

## In 1950

"WILL you ring, sir?"

The liveried attendant bowed himself out of the room in the county jail into which he had just ushered the eminent criminal. That gentleman looked about him critically and then rang the bell.

"Summon the jailer."

"Yes, sir."

The jailer, all smiles, entered. The eminent criminal regarded him fastidiously.

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"As I am going to remain here for ten years, it may be well to know your rules."

"They are for the comfort of our guests—as required by law."

"Then why cannot I have a better room? That fireplace is rather small."

"The best rooms are taken, sir. So many gentlemen have committed crimes just for the privilege of being here. You should have been convicted sooner, sir."

"Um! You have a private golf links?"

"Certainly."

"And billiard and pool rooms?"

"As a matter of course."

"How about a valet?"

"I'll have one detailed for you at once."

"Flowers every morning?"

"From our private conservatory."

"Breakfast in bed?"

"As you like. I—"

Suddenly they were interrupted. A messenger entered bearing an envelope on a tray. The jailer opened it hastily. He turned to the eminent criminal.

"I have bad news for you."

The eminent criminal clutched the five-hundred-dollar davenport.

"Bad news?"

"Yes, sir. The Governor has pardoned you. You'll have to vacate. He finds there are others who have committed greater crimes than you who are entitled to the privileges of the jail."

"Then there is no hope for me. I must go back into society and spend my time listening to after-breakfast wireless speeches, and going to political afternoon receptions with my wife."

"Yes, sir."

The eminent criminal sighed as he prepared to depart.

"I knew the lawyer was no good," he said. "But you wait. I'm going to devote the rest of my life to making our jails so uncomfortable that no gentleman will live in one."

## Letters of a Japanese School-boy

### A Spiritualistic Peek-a-Boo into the Future

To Editor "Life Weekly" who realize how Prophets is more easier to find than Profits in journalism business,

HON. DEAR SIR:—

Last midnight while me & Cousin Nogi was in freshair enjoying talk & cigarette for development of brain, which should we see but following sign-language nailed on a hallway:

MRS. KURIO NAGASAKI  
Medium Spiritualist from Japan.  
25c for any Fortune However  
Expensive.

We observe this with startle-eye expression peculiar to superstitious cats. Nogi say he rather see moving pictures than ghosts, yet he loand me price 25c for my foolishness and eloped proudly away, leaving me to amount up stair-step to where Mrs. Kurio sat amidst maps of Spiritland telephoning to Hon. Wm T. Stead.

"O Rev. Mrs Madam," I say her after she poured another trance out of bottle and drink it, "Life Newspaper of N. Y. are entirely anxious for to know this information: What will world be doing 36 years ahead from date of now? Can you tell this for price 25c?"

"Quite obligingly," she outcast with happy smiling. "I am the cheapest prophet since Noah. The week after the Titanic collusion I prophesied that calastrophy without leaving out anything that was published in newspapers."

I stand gast for this cyclogical phenomenal. She turned down gas with fiancée expression and I could distinctually hear a ghost scratching his back under stove.

"If convenient, drop 5c price in musical box," she narrate trancely. Already she was folding her feet and beginning to purr.

"Are that included in 25c already payed for spiritual ticket?" I otter peevly.

"Not is," she holla subconscientiously. "It must be extra."

"Then I prefer my ghost served without music," I dib like Hetty Green.

"O not can do!" she vampire, peep out from her trance. "I am taking trouble to ring up very particular ghost—Hon. Chas Darwin will arrive, but he must hear 'Gaby Glide' so he will think of monkeys and not feel bashful."

I drop nickel to slot. Hon. Gaby

Glide begin doing so. Considerable Harry Thaw felt in atmospheric air. More trances. Of suddenly—

"If we took out Shylock and put in Morrus Perlmutter," say vocal voice, "maybe we could conduce Geo. M. Cohen to look at it. . . ."

"Get off the wire, Mr. Shakespeare," corrode medium lady. "I are talking with Hon. Darwin."

Professor voice heard speaking hashly.

"What you ring me up for? Who got me up out of my nice, warm cloud this time of night?"

"Excuse, Prof Darwin," obligate Hon. Mrs. "Japanese School-boy are here from Life Newspaper wishing know what will evolute to world in year 1950."

"Hum!" This he say it with spiritual cough. "Have not world evolved itself nearly crazy already without worrying about future? Howeverly, I shall look see. Ah! 1950! Howdee do, future ½ century! I see you have done a great deal and accomplished almost nothing, just like I expected. Let me see the map of Europe—aha! England? She are now a Republic and John W. Pankhurst, new Socialist president, are still snatching his brains to find a way to free Ireland without making her mad."

Hon. Darwin wipe his spiritual baldness with a piece of fog.

"What information do you observe about those United American States?" I ask to know with eyebrows containing superstition.

"Since America's defeat by Japan—" he commence it.

"O Banzai!!" I blow off. "Say it some more and I shall pay another 25c."

"Since America's defeat by Japan," he diagnose, "a standee army of 11,111,111 complete soldiers have been stood up under command of Maj. Gen. Wm Jenny Bryan, Jr., grandson of ex-



"Then I prefer my ghost served without music"





*The Emperor Napoleon:* FORWARD, MEN! VICT'RY MUST SOON BE OURS. THE DUKE O' WEL-  
LIN'TON'S MOTHER HAS CALLED HIM HOME AN' THEIR FORT IS STARTIN' TO THAW

tinguished warrior who conquered Mexico by kind words. Peace Palace have been moved from Hague to Pittsburgh where stains upon its bath-tub beauty can hide behind the smoke. Babies, potatoes, dogs, funerals and chewing gum are now taxed to amass \$862,000,000 annual price so that America can still obtain finest navy that ever sailed the air. N. Y. police force are being reorganized again, hoop skirts has come in and civilization are dropping to pieces everywhere."

Hon Ghost blew nose with psychical research noise.

"At time of which I speak of Gen. Kickoff, Ambassador from the Republic of Russia, have entered new skyscraper building at 11 Wall Street where White House are now located so be near big business. At his desk in the East Room sets Hon. Wm R. Hearst, Jr., popular President of U. S. A. Hon. Ambassador approach up and remove his military derby.

"Hon. Pres,' he say so, 'I have been sent here by President of Russia

to protest peevly against cruel treatment of Hebrews in America.'

"'I am regretful,' report Hon. Pres. 'Yet are you aware that 36 years



"Who got me up out of nice, warm cloud?"

gone-by America was protesting to Russia about same conditions?"

"'What is the reason for this peculiar vice versa?' require Hon. Gen. Kickoff.

"Hon. Pres. Hearst lean close-down to ear of that great Russia and say for strick confidence . . ."

Hon. Musical Box discontinue off playing Gaby Glide tune and voice of Hon. Ghost Darwin blow out at same similar moment.

"Put in more nickel!" holla Hon. Medium, jumping out of trances.

"No got!" I screech saddishly.

"Too bad—then we shall never know what was said, because Hon. Darwin cannot talk without music."

"If he were similar to several Senators he might talk while furnishing tunes with his chin," I assume feeling like one who has been residing in the suburbs of heaven.

Hoping you are the same,

Yours truly

HASHIMURA TOGO.  
(Per Wallace Irwin.)



DECEMBER 10, 1914

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 64  
No. 1676

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



"UNDOUBTEDLY this is the most stupid, senseless and unnecessary war of modern times."

So the Crown Prince of Germany at the headquarters of his army in France, as reported by Karl von Wiegand, correspondent of the United Press.

These are admirable words, which pierce the haze of war as a sun ray cuts through fog. No matter that the young Highness goes on to say the war was forced on Germany. He could not well say less. But in calling it stupid, senseless and unnecessary he blurted out the truth.

A good young man, if only for that feat. All his talk was pretty good. Of course he talked for his own side, and (probably) for American consumption, but it was manly and of a sound spirit, and made one feel that if there could have been more such open talk by principals from all headquarters before the first of August, there wouldn't have been any war. It was closet talk and lecture-room talk and secret diplomatic correspondence and backstairs gossip that helped on "the most stupid, senseless and unnecessary war of modern times". Whoever picked the Crown Prince to curse out the war for the Germans, picked well.

But this welcome exploit is the only considerable German success that, at this writing, looms up. Our news may not all be true or up to the date, but taking it day in and day out, and comparing one source with another, we have confidence in it. We think we know where the bat-

tle line runs in the north of France, and about where it runs on the Russian side of Germany. On the west we are told the Allies are rather more than holding their own, and on the east, though advices conflict, the Russians seem to have, lately, very much the best of the fighting, so that we put our ears to the ground and listen to hear the German back door rattle.

What with mines and submarines and mysterious ailments a British warship has come to be no place for persons of a nervous temperament. But for that matter we hear of very few places in this war where persons of nervous temperaments could be happy. Even the trenches ashore, where most of the fighting is done now, are nothing to brag of as tranquil homes.



NOBODY is beaten yet, except, possibly, Austria, and Austria is so imperfectly articulated and is aggregated out of so many components that probably it is hard for her to tell at any given time what has happened to her. Besides that, her situation is complicated by her being mixed up with Germany. She may die in peace, but the Germans won't let her die in war until they get ready. They are not ready yet by a great deal. They have not yet, at this writing, got down the coast to Calais, but they are installed in Belgium with an elaborateness that implies a disposition to make themselves a home there. Against that disposition the sentiment of almost all the rest of the world, and especially

of the French, the English and the Belgians, is very decided, and to that sentiment—unless we are very much misled about what's going on—they presently will have to yield. What with the urgency of the Western Allies and the clamors of the delegation from the Czar, some forecasters think the Germans will all be home in Fatherland for Christmas, but that seems almost too abrupt a leave-taking for a people so attentive to formal manners.

Forecasting the end of the war is getting to be a favorite form of relaxation. Some of the banker gentlemen, as Mr. Schiff, are in favor of closing it with the least possible delay, fearing, possibly, that if it goes on much longer there won't be anything left even for Israel. But the Germans still seem strong for going on, at least until they have destroyed the English, and the English are for going on until the Germans lose all their appetite for loot and the sun, and withdraw their claim that they are the destined renovators of the universe. A British army officer says in the papers that the war will be over in six months; an American army officer, well qualified to guess, says three months; an American naval officer says January will see the end of it, and that it will settle nothing. But nobody knows, and the opinion of a seventh son looks just as good as that of a military expert.



SO it does about Mexico. That afflicted country is in the race with Europe for peace and seems likely to lose. But it cannot afford to lose by very much, since if Europe sets a fashion of pacification it will be very much to Mexico's interest to fall in with it promptly. At present all the Mexican leaders seem to have fallen out afresh. We get the impression that the main trouble is with Carranza, that he might have had peace if he had wanted it, and that no settlement will suit him which is not enforced by the use of weapons. Whether if he should be cleaned up the case of the country would be improved is some-



PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

1952

thing we shall have to wait to see. The fact that one Mexican leader is incompetent or a rascal never can be understood to imply that the opposition leader is any better. There is still Villa, and the hopes of anyone who still has hope in him are good till further notice.



THE news from Colorado is that Governor Ammons and Governor-elect Carleson have put their heads together and believe that they can work out a solution of the strike problem in that State, and prefer to be let alone and not to be helped or investigated any further till they have

had a try at it. The State went in the last election for "law and order", which is usually interpreted to mean that it went against the United Mine Workers. Federal troops took charge of the peace there last April, and six months of personal observation at the various scenes of trouble is said to have qualified their officers to give the Federal Government information about the case.

The plan of settlement which the President proposed some time ago, when he suggested a three-year truce, provided for a committee to settle points on which the miners and operators could not agree. The truce was thankfully declined by the operators, but the President has thought it well to name the committee—Mr. Seth Low and Messrs. Mills and Gilday, of Penn-

sylvania—so that his machinery of settlement may be in working order if there should presently arise a demand for it.



PROSPECTIVE American politics is in a condition of almost as much uncertainty as the affairs of Europe and Mexico. That Mr. Wilson will continue to be President for a second term is very likely, but what voters will elect him is more uncertain. As we write, an autopsy on the Bull-Moose party is about to be held in Chicago, and while a certificate of natural death is expected, the fact may not be admitted. In the year just ahead a great deal is going to happen, and the present record of the present administration may be virtually replaced by a new one made in very critical affairs. Mr. Wilson is in the fortunate position of having his legislative decks pretty well cleared for action. That is a vast advantage, due to his astonishing pertinacity in getting work done that the Democratic party had promised to tackle.

It may not be true, as reported, that Mr. Bryan's chief political interests have come to be woman suffrage and national prohibition, and that he wishes to commit the Democratic party to both these innovations. But if it is true, it is interesting. One recalls that the only woman's suffrage party, as yet, is the Bull-Moose, and that when Mr. Bird retired from the Bull-Moose leadership in Massachusetts his successor, Mr. Walker, immediately ran a prohibition plank into his platform. If Mr. Bryan should feel that he has done his full duty by the Democrats, and wishes now to divert his skill to votes for women and the navigation of the water-wagon, there is the Progressive chariot waiting for him, the driver gone home, and the reins lying on the dashboard.

It is a tempting coincidence. If Mr. Bryan would rather drive that chariot than be Secretary of State it might be arranged.





Brown Wishes His Country W

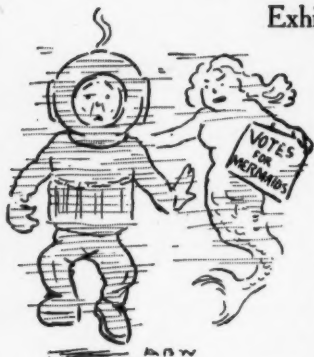




es His ntry Wasn't Neutral

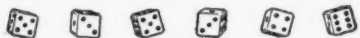


### Exhibit A in New Staging



THE gentleman who invented mermaids—referring to the ancient mythologist and not to the late P. T. Barnum, who only manufactured a mermaid and never saw a real one—saw fit to make the upper part of his invention human. If he had reversed the process and made the thinking part instead of the locomotive part that of a fish, the little mermaid, who was the heroine of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tale and is now the central figure of "The Garden of Paradise", would never have taken to falling in love with a man. She would doubtless have been contented with a

fish's life varied occasionally by using her human legs for a stroll on shore. But her thinking part being human, and feminine, she could not be contented until she got herself into a whole lot of unnecessary unhappiness through love. Therefore the fairy tale and Mr. Sheldon's play made from it.



THE most important thing about "The Garden of Paradise" is that it gives New York its first complete idea of the modern revolution in stage settings. We have had suggestions of the new methods, most notably in "Sumurun", but this production is the first one here to embody to so great an extent the influence of Reinhardt, of Stanislavsky and of Gordon Craig's shadowy theories. Mr. Joseph Urban works along lines of his own, and while escaping the radicalism of his predecessors, makes departures from the conventional that give the playgoer entirely new sensations.

The first scene, under the sea, and another, in the cave of *The Sea Witch*, are very beautiful in their use of not unfamiliar stage devices, and particularly in their lighting effects. The real revelation comes in the interiors and exteriors on land, where Mr. Urban shows us stage marvels in the use of construction, light and color. The effect on the spectators' senses is not entirely due to novelty. The different backgrounds—comprehending in the word the entire stage setting—are so planned in form and color that every new grouping of the moving figures gives us a new picture. For anything like comparison one

has to go back to the banquet scene in Augustin Daly's production of "The Taming of the Shrew" and to some of Henry Irving's Shakespearean sets, although these were far more according to the conventions of the stage than anything in this drama of fantasy. That it is such a play removes from Mr. Urban's work any suggestion of the eccentric, and to the spectator not given to analyzing might carry the idea that there was nothing notably new in the production except its unusual beauty.

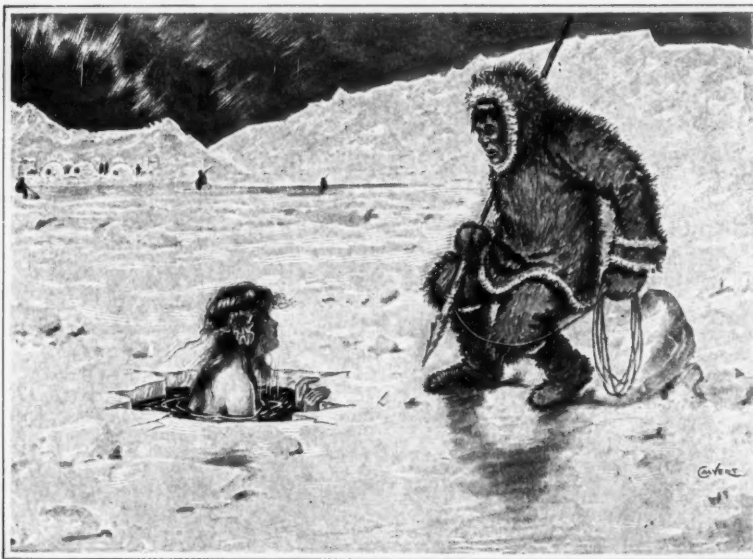


THE scenic effects in "The Garden of Paradise" decidedly dwarf anything else in the way of accomplishment. Mr. Sheldon has reduced a rather nebulous story to something capable of connected stage presentation, but the faulty elocution of the actors makes it difficult to gauge with any accuracy its literary value. Emily Stevens, as the little mermaid, was attractive in the pictures, but her indistinctness and the utter absence of musical tones in her voice robbed us of a needed charm. It may have been his first-night nervousness, but, although Mr. George Relph was sufficiently picturesque as the human king she loved, he, too, destroyed the value of his speeches by uncertain pauses and inflections. Some of the others were able to get their lines to the audience, but throughout there seemed to be an utter failure to appreciate any poetic value the speeches may have had.

The continuous feast for the eye provided by "The Garden of Paradise" atones for defects that may be later overcome and makes it worth seeing at least once by anyone who doubts that there has come a new and valuable impetus to the art of the theatre.



THE new bill at the Princess is not as interesting as it might be, although, as always at that house, the attention is given little opportunity to flag. A mistaken emphasis in point of time occupied is given to "Across the Border", a dreary setting-forth of perfectly well-known facts about the



"OH, MISTER, WHICH IS THE WAY TO THE EQUATOR?"

horrors of war. The lack of possibility in "The Denial", a short Sing Sing death-house episode, robs it of its power to thrill. Far more impressive and up to the Princess standard is "The Fog", a playlet of infidelity in English lower-class life. "Nettie", by Mr. George Ade, is funny and up to the minute in its New York naughtiness. The acting and staging are most satisfactory, bar the preponderance of London accent in some places where it is not indicated. Mr. Blinn displays his usual versatility, and Miss Polini is his unfailing reliance.



**MR. FRANK KEENAN'S** name heads the bill of an extremely archaic Pacific-slope drama, for whose production some one has had the courage to re-open the long-closed doors of Daly's Theatre. Mr. Keenan's abilities deserve a better medium.



**THE** Christian religion gets a number of rounds of applause during the performance of "Pilate's Daughter" at the Century. This is not remarkable when one notes that the author is a Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. Francis L. Kenzel, and that the opposing religion is the more picturesque and pleasant but less enduring mythology of the Romans. The author is doubtless devout and sincere, and the teachings of the play are entirely moral, but to reverent and sensitive believers it must be shocking to hear holy names and religious terms used so freely and repeatedly as stage material. It is elaborately staged and has a large cast entirely of women, most of them amateurish in action and in the delivery of lines of the primitive quality usual in religious plays.



**"AT THE BARN,"** the second play in Marie Tempest's repertory, is better designed to please American audiences than the extremely English "Mary Goes First". It is a slender story, but amusing, and naturally gives the star ample opportunity to display her delightfully piquant personality and her sure and finished methods as a comedienne. The cast is competent. Outside of the star's rôle of *Mollie Blair*, the musical comedy actress, the principal work falls



IN 1950

"SMITH? SMITH? WHO EVER HEARD DOT NAME, SMITH?"

upon the three bachelors whose domain she has invaded and whose hearts she has conquered. Mr. Anson, as the finally successful one, plays his part with a pained and saddened visage not entirely

in tune with the play, but the others are sufficiently humorous to atone. "At the Barn" supplies a cheerful evening of polite fun à l'Angleterre.

Metcalfe.

## CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

**Astor.**—"The Miracle Man." Cleverly dramatized novel of faith-healing and the confidence game stratified into the fat and lean of comedy and pathos.

**Belasco.**—"The Phantom Rival." Well-staged and well-acted dream play transferred from the Hungarian to American surroundings.

**Booth.**—"Experience." Interesting and picturesque modern morality play with the sins and temptations brought cleverly down to date.

**Candler.**—"On Trial." A murder story told in court, but acted out before the eyes of the audience. Original in treatment and well done.

**Casino.**—Moving pictures, "In the Land of the Head-Hunters".

**Cohan's.**—"It Pays to Advertise." Extremely laughable farce, very well played and with its mirth derived from the advertising business.

**Comedy.**—Marie Tempest in "At the Barn", by Anthony P. Wharton. See above.

**Cort.**—"Under Cover." The underground work of the United States Customs Service made the basis of a well-played and absorbing, polite melodrama.

**Eltinge.**—"Innocent." Drama of feminine decadence picturing the downward career of a young woman not eugenically born. Well played, but not for the young person.

**Empire.**—"Diplomacy." The Sardou play even further away from Sardou than the familiar version, but still a most interesting drama—although not played with great distinction.

**Forty-fourth Street.**—"The Lilac Domino." Pleasant comic opera with more attention than usual paid to the musical part of the stage work.

**Forty-eighth Street.**—"The Law of the Land." Melodrama dealing with a murder in high life and the ways the police have of handling such things. Interesting and well acted.

**Fulton.**—"Twin Beds." Farce with a moral, teaching that when one goes out and gets sophisticated one should be careful to get into one's own apartment when one comes home.

**Gaiety.**—"Daddy Long-Legs." The life history of a founding girl made into a pleasant little drama of humor and pathos.

**Globe.**—Messrs. Montgomery and Stone

in "Chin-Chin". Extremely amusing and well-presented musical extravaganza.

**Harris.**—Moving pictures of Pope Pius X and the Vatican.

**Hippodrome.**—"The Wars of the World." The pleasant aspects of all sorts of wars utilized to make a brilliant spectacle.

**Hudson.**—"Damaged Goods." The Brieux drama of disease with practically the original cast.

**Knickerbocker.**—"The Girl from Utah." Typical London girl-and-music show with American cast. Tuneful and diverting.

**Little.**—"A Pair of Silk Stockings." Extremely English but well-played and laughable farce.

**Longacre.**—"So Much for So Much." by the author of "Kick In". Notice later.

**Lyceum.**—"Outcast." by Mr. Hubert Henry Davis, with Elsie Ferguson as the star. Original and extremely interesting drama of London life with Elsie Ferguson demonstrating that she is an artist of unusual force and finish.

**Lyric.**—"The Only Girl." Highly amusing Herbert Blossom musical play.

**Manhattan Opera House.**—"Life." American melodrama with its scenes on a big scale and drawn from American life. Worth seeing.

**Marine Elliott's.**—"The Hawk." with Mr. Faversham and Mlle. Dorziat in well-played French society drama.

**New York.**—"The old story of "Damon and Pythias" in moving pictures.

**Park.**—"The Garden of Paradise." by Mr. Edward Sheldon. See above.

**Princess.**—A new bill of short plays. See above.

**Punch and Judy.**—"The Marriage of Columbine." Pleasing little drama of English-circus life unevenly acted.

**Shubert.**—"Suzi." Girl-and-music show of the Viennese type. Fairly amusing, but of the usual un-original sort.

**Thirty-ninth Street.**—Belgian war pictures. **Wallack's.**—Mrs. Patrick Campbell in Mr. Shaw's "Pygmalion". Mr. Bernard Shaw not at his most brilliant. The star not especially well cast.

**Winter Garden.**—"Dancing Around." with Al Jolson as the star. Another large example of the great effort that is made to relieve the tired business man of his fatigue.





1950

"SAY, MOTHER, IS THE LITTLE ONE WITH THE MUSTACHE THE BRIDE OR THE GROOM?"  
 "THE GROOM, OF COURSE. WOMEN DON'T WEAR BEARDS—YET."

### Behold the Organized Charity



SEE and behold the Organized Charity. Yes. It is a right comely looking Organized Charity. And it seems to be in charge of very well-fed and well-dressed people, too.

Listen. The Organized Charity seems to be crying out. What is it saying?

It is calling for more money.

Does it need much money?

Oh, yes, a great deal of money is required to support a refined and exclusive Organized Charity in the style to which it is accustomed.

What are the objects and aims of the Organized Charity?

It has many objects and aims. It gives a comfortable living to hundreds of charity workers and it helps a lot of idle women to imagine that they are of some use in the world, and it is a valuable reputation-gilder and conscience-patcher for trust magnates and other representatives of the undeserving rich, and it prevents the undeserving poor from getting assistance to which they are not entitled, and it does many things besides.

But how about the deserving poor? It is not interested in them?

Oh, yes, it is deeply and earnestly interested in the deserving poor; but, owing to the fact that out of every dollar received, ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths cents is expended for administrative purposes and for thwarting the really undeserving poor, its interest in the deserving poor can hardly be expected to be much more than academic.

Ellis O. Jones.

### Baleful

FIRST he bought a bale of cotton, to help out the starving farmers of the South.

Then he bought a bale of poetry, to help out the starving poets.

Finally he bought a bale of securities, to help out the starving brokers of Wall Street.

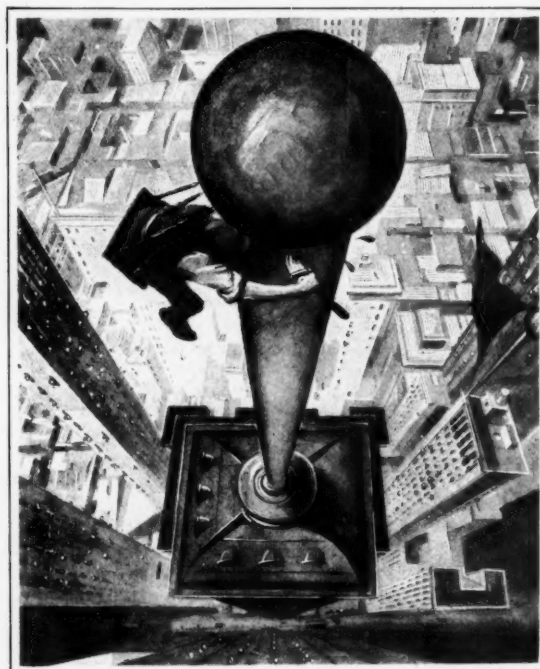
That ended it, however.

"I know when I've got enough!" he exclaimed, with a baleful look.

### Trench

WE live in trenches, and so few of us realize it. Life is a trench. Beside us are the jesters and the heroes, the living and the dead. In the intervals of our own escapements we make mud-pies and gaze at the stars; or the sun's rays warm us and stir our loves and sentiments and cosmic cravings. We do not fight always in life's trench. Sometimes we lie asleep and dream, while others guard our sense of glory.

And we helped to dig it.



WHY SO MANY PEOPLE COMPLAINED OF STIFF NECKS  
 THE DAY AFTER



THE PROBLEM PLAY

FIND THE MAN WHO HAS BUT RECENTLY BECOME ENGAGED TO THE LEADING LADY

Greatest Since Washington

Secretary Houston says that President Wilson is the greatest President since Washington. Why drag in George?—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

JUST for necessary purposes of comparison. But Washington has the advantage of Wilson in having completed his record. So has Lincoln. Call no man happy until he is dead. Call no President greater than all other Presidents but one until his record is complete and mankind has had time to think it over.

But probably Secretary Houston did not say that Wilson is the greatest President since Washington.

THE only friends we can trust are the ones who never ask us to trust them.

The Ultimate Goal

WE are told that the United States is to be congratulated upon the fact that we export each year from six to seven hundred million dollars' worth more of goods than we import. This is called a "favorable balance of trade". If it is favorable, why don't we go to work to make it more favorable? Let's keep on trying to send things out of the country and, at the same time, trying to keep things from entering, because every achievement along those lines would make the balance of trade more favorable. The perfect acme of favorability would come when we had succeeded in exporting everything and importing nothing. Is it possible for us ever to reach that blessed state when it is all going out and nothing coming in?

## The War Bug and Machines

**M**AYBE it was a bug that caused the war.

We blame the Germans, the Germans blame all the neighbors, and no one who is active in the hostilities is willing to say, "I did it", but the war came out of a very curious condition of mankind. Mr. Crothers speaks of that in a new book of "Meditations on Votes for Women." To excuse the militants he says:

Now that a great war has come we see how feverish was the condition of the peoples who looked forward to it with suppressed passion and vague forebodings. Not knowing just whom they were to fight, but feeling that fighting was inevitable, they conceived of everything in militant form. There were to be not only wars between Slav and Teuton, but between Celt and Saxon, class wars and industrial wars without number.

What was the matter? Were people uneasy because war was coming and they felt it in their bones, or sniffed it in the air as animals do an impending hurricane? Or did war come because people were uneasy? Has mankind got a disease that shows itself in periodical sprees of war? Do the various races of men forge ahead so fast in these times of technical efficiency and machines as to upset in the course of a generation existing relations and compel a vast knock-down-and-drag-out, and a radical readjustment of everything?

If mankind is so affected, it is a serious thing, and the political doctors of the world ought to get together and try to devise some sort of treatment that will keep this grave human malady within bounds.

Consider the world's present case. With considerable unanimity we take the view hereabouts that the Germans have got out of their heads. We think they have set their hearts on things that are impossible of attainment without upsetting all the world to an unendurable extent. To drub them into quiescence is terribly hard work, and though it seems to be progressing satisfactorily, the question remains:



EARLY ZEPPELINS

What is to be done with the Germans after they are drubbed? They are too many to be kept in straight-jackets or boarded in asylums. Will they be cured by the war? If so, is there any assurance that they will stay cured and will not presently have a recurrence of their trouble and break out again?

We may justly hope that by the time the war is over the Germans will have discovered that the non-German fraction of mankind is capable of more effort and worthy of more consideration than they had supposed; that the French are not yet feeble; that the British still have in them some vigor and energy of sacrifice; that the Belgians are people to be counted; that

the Russians are not hopelessly sodden and barbarian; that the Americans, when placed in a judicial position, are capable of an unexpected verdict; that the Teuton is not civilization's only hope, but only one of its hopes. To have learned these things will go far to make the Germans a safer and more comfortable people to live with.

We may hope, furthermore, that after the war the world will be a more comfortable place for them to live in. It will be an exhausted world that has enormous repairs to make, and wants all hands to get to work to make them. It will be a world that has had a complete bellyful of war, and will, of all things, desire a peace that has promise of permanency. It will be a world that has demonstrated its entire impatience of the idea that any one of its nations shall boss the others, and that will be concerned to provide that all peoples shall have space in which to work and prosper in proportion to their number and ability. It will be a world disposed to recognize and regard the idiosyncrasies of races, and even the prejudices of locality, and to provide that human brethren who cannot dwell together in unity shall have facilities, so far as mundane space can provide them, for dwelling peaceably and helpfully apart.

In a world ordered in accordance with their hopes, perhaps the periodical visitations of the bug of unrest and animosity would be less fearful. As to that we cannot tell, but the inducement to make the experiment is much strengthened by the fact that the ingenuity of contemporary man has so improved the facilities of destruction that unless the peoples can get along together, they must face the ominous and increasing prospect of extermination. They are up against not only one another, but all contemporary knowledge. Mankind knows

(Continued on page 1095.)





HIS PUNISHMENT

TO WEAR ONE OF THESE UNIFORMS EACH DAY OF THE WEEK



# BOOKS



JUST as it is darkest before the dawn, so it is sometimes coziest before a cataclysm. And it seems to have been in such an interval—in a mood of semi-relaxed yet clear-sighted self-derision—that H. G. Wells wrote, for our present consumption, his informal, entertaining and, in its conclusion, impishly ironic story of "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman" (Macmillan, \$1.50). This is the story of a charming young woman who, like the half-awakened feminism of the world, is increasingly conscious of wanting, without very clearly knowing what; of an oldish husband who, like conservative masculinity at large, is entrenched behind a Medean and Persian certainty as to what he has and means to keep; and of a dilettante idealist—a character to chortle over in sardonic glee—who, like vicarious reformers in general, stands ready to contribute to the vague cause of progress everything but the sacrifice of his own desires. The clashings and co-operations of these three form a tale as relaxing to tense minds as skittles; and, both in the upward urge of its development and in the throw-back of its collapse, as natural—and as silently derisive of human haste—as nature itself.

JULES ROMAINS'S "*Mort de Quelqu'un*"—that strange story which unacademic French literary circles were audibly buzzing about a while since—has been translated into English. Do not rush out rashly and buy "The Death of a Nobody" (Huebsch, \$1.25) if you have just finished Rex Beach's latest, or Arnold Bennett's new one, or Bob Lincoln's last, and would like something slightly different, yet not altogether otherwise. You would only wish you hadn't. But if, after recalling your first (or perhaps it was your fifth) alligator pear, and remembering how the wholesome, haunting flavor of the thing suddenly emerged for you from its custardish

insipidity, you feel that your mental palate would enjoy a like experience—why, then by all means get the book. It is a queer story of common things that are constantly happening, unnoticed, to us all, strangely told from an unfamiliar angle—the story of the sudden springing into life and meaning, in the minds of many men, of the memory of a dead man who, while living, had mattered to none of them.

IN the whole panorama of the vegetable kingdom there is no sight comparable, in crass exuberance of released vitality and in vim and variousness of germinating forces, to the edge of a subtropic desert, newly deluged by the spring rains. One can imagine botanists driven lyric by the sight; and one can picture poets drawn to botanizing. Almost identical conditions develop, as it happens, when a hard-driven pioneer community, like that of Montana a generation ago, is suddenly flushed and flooded by arbitrary and incalculable wealth. And Gertrude Atherton, who writes of this Montana bourgeoisie in "Perch of the Devil" (Stokes, \$1.35), has never before found a fictional milieu in which her developed skill in human botanizing and her native leaning toward lyric enthusiasm have pulled so amicably and helpfully together in double harness. The book's picture of a society at once primitive and precocious is full of vigor. And the delineation of Ida Compton—a type, of get-there Americanism as far removed from the petty pushers and cold-blooded climbers familiar to recent scolding fiction as fresh air from fungus—is Mrs. Atherton's best-balanced character creation. Both geographically and phonetically, "Perch of the Devil" is a Butte novel.

TRY "Bambi" for the blues. It is the simplest of the current season's specifics for that and similar

mental maladies. Each literary season, to be thoroughly rounded out, has to provide one. We still remember such almost universally resorted to remedies as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Molly Make-Believe" and "Daddy Long-Legs". Well, so far, 1914 hasn't turned out anything quite up to those in the line of therapeutic "simples". But this tale of a blithe young live-wire-ess who married a dreamer out of hand and stage-managed him (precariously but successfully) into a serviceable husband and artist, is worth any sufferer's trying out, although it can not conscientiously be heralded as a panacea. "Bambi" (Doubleday, Page; \$1.25) is by Marjorie Benton Cooke.

HAVELOCK ELLIS—whose changing status in the estimate of contemporary opinion roughly measures our increasing consciousness of undreamed things in the philosophy of our self-knowledge—has published a volume of "Impressions and Comments" (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.50) drawn from the jotted note-books of many years. It is an uncoordinated, yet a delightful, book; full of quick insights, subtle sympathies, fleeting glimpses both of contrasts and syntheses. But it is pre-eminently a book for the eclectic, not for the plodding, reader—the reader who, knowing that his own self-contradictions spring from, and often lead to, deep-seated agreements, senses the "central vision" of another, even amid apparent incongruities.

THE Shackletons, Robert and Elizabeth, have won for themselves in writing about antiques and the fun of collecting them, a very similar position to that which the Williamsons, A. S. and A. M., have won in writing about automobiling. They have pre-empted and made their own the field of expressing the adventurous longings of



1950

WHO WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN?

the hesitant amateur. Their latest volume, "The Charm of the Antique" (Hearst's International Library Company, \$2.50), is an attractive book which shows them at their best, for what they essentially are, specialists in emotion and experts in enthusiasm.

J. B. Kerfoot.

### At the Opera in 1950

"SMITH is in good voice to-night. His high cough is perfectly placed, and his guttural grunts couldn't be improved upon."

"Ah, the sweet simplicity of Schönberg and Richard Strauss! How old-fashioned they sound nowadays!"

"What a beautiful ring, Mrs. Dooley! The middle one on the left foot, I mean."

"Yes, it was my wedding-ring. No, not James. The one just before James."

"Cholmondeley-Jones really has remarkably good English diction. One would scarcely suspect that she was an Englishwoman."

"How original to have a mad scene! And singing it with a single trombone for accompaniment brings out the full beauty of the voice."

"That is quite the most becoming shade of hair you wear, Miss Dolan. It matches your light-blue girdle beautifully."

"I adore the scene in the boiler factory. The riveting chorus has such a charming rhythm."

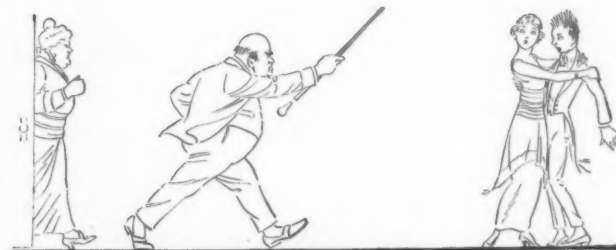
"But, oh, that entrancing duet of the noisophone and the fog-horn d'amore!"

"And what a great improvement it is to have the orchestra spread out over the entire auditorium! You can hear every one of the five hundred and sixty-four instruments perfectly!"

S. S.

SHE: Didn't you think the people at Mrs. Gander's reception were all extremely dull?

"Yes. But, you know, it was authors' day."



FOOTBALL EXPRESSIONS  
LEADING THE INTERFERENCE



## "They Say"

(Recent Opinions, Epigrammatic or Otherwise, by Some of Our Wise and Near-Wise Men)



I'M a private of the privatest sort.—Col. Theodore Roosevelt.

We do not stand before the judgment seat of Europe. We acknowledge no such jurisdiction. Our might shall create a new law in Europe. It is Germany that strikes. When she has conquered new domains for her genius, then the priesthood of all the gods will praise the God of War.—Maximilien Harden.

First of all, as an immediate programme, I would have our own land take out insurance against war by taking out of the hands of those who make money from arms the business of making arms. If we must go ahead fighting and making tools to fight, then let the government make the tools, so the private manufacturers won't need to employ diplomatic agents, lobbyists, bribers, to make war sentiment to sell their goods.—Dr. David Starr Jordan.

We shall not sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium has recovered more than she has sacrificed.—British Prime Minister Asquith.

But we must turn to the new task of protecting our hearths, which moribund French and barbarous Russians are preparing to attack. Henceforward our military operations will take a new form, which will soon be intelligible to you, my dear children.—The German Emperor, to his troops in East Prussia.

First, think of your job and not of yourself; and, second, remember that the only lasting satisfaction anyone gets out of life is what he does for other people.—Major Henry L. Higginson, of Boston.

I believe a great industrial revival would have forced itself upon us even under normal conditions, but this singularly destructive war, almost world-wide in its scope, has made this revival inevitable, even on a far larger scale than it would otherwise have been.—Senator William J. Stone, Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

The United States is on the verge of the greatest prosperity the country has ever known. We have reached the bottom after a period of decline, and things are now getting better every day.—George B. Caldwell, President of the Investment Bankers' Association of America.

Our linguistic manicurists are forever recommending purity and correction and elegance, three qualities not easy

to define. Elegance is to be attained only by those who do not stoop to seek it too assiduously. Correctness is likely to be misinterpreted as a compliance with the rules laid down by the uninspired grammarians, rather than obedience to the larger laws whereby the language is freely guided. And purity is a chameleon word, changing meaning while we are looking at it.—Professor Brander Matthews.

The American people are beginning to ask themselves: "What is likely to happen to us if the Germans have their way in this struggle?"—Professor George Trumbull Ladd, of Yale University.

Our army is, so to speak, a reduced image of the intelligence and morality of the German people. We do good to all. Louvain was not destroyed; we only burned the houses of murderers. Rheims Cathedral was not demolished; it was the French who provoked the damage.—Adolf Lasson, a Privy Councillor and Professor of Philosophy in the University of Berlin.

What would George Washington have said to the silence of America in full view—daily, hourly view—of devastated, blood-drenched Belgium?—Harold Begbie, in a letter sent from New York to the "Daily Chronicle".

The spirit of Christ does not reign to-day. The people talk to-day of brotherhood more than they ever have before, yet brotherhood is ignored to-day to a degree greater than ever before. Nations, races, cities and individuals are divided to-day by rancor and selfishness more than they are by political frontiers. The lack of reciprocal charity is causing a lack of respect for authority.

—The Pope.

What is not generally known in our country as to the decreased efficiency of the United States Navy during the past eighteen months is a common knowledge to the governments of the great naval Powers of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres.—George von L. Meyer, former Secretary of the Navy.

I had heard of that, but know nothing about it myself. Do you know whether it is authentic?—W. J. Bryan's comment on a report of his coming resignation.

I should also warn you that the Reserve Banks cannot make prosperity. As they gradually assume their functions, they will certainly aid in the recovery of business from the shock of war, and, I hope, will reap their share of the rewards.—Benjamin Strong, Jr., Governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York.

## Those Christmas Numbers

I EAGERLY look for December,  
When the issue of each magazine  
Shall be, as I always remember,  
The very best one ever seen.

The Table of Contents allures me,  
Some trifling omission I fear;  
Ah, no! As I read, it assures me  
My well-known old friends are all  
here.

Here's "Back to the Old Home for  
Christmas",  
And "What Can I Give to a  
Man?"  
"How They Keep Christmas Day on  
the Isthmus",  
And "Hints for a Home-made  
Divan".

Then "Christmas in Garret and Cel-  
lar",  
A heart-throb of poverty dire;  
With four illustrations in color—  
Pink snow and a navy-blue fire.

Then "Christmas in Song, Sketch and  
Story";  
An essay, "Is Christmas Love  
Lost?"



IN 1950

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN THE ORIENT. ABBIE-BEN-ADHEM AND HER HAREM

A carol, "The Star in Its Glory",  
And "How to Make Gifts without  
Cost".

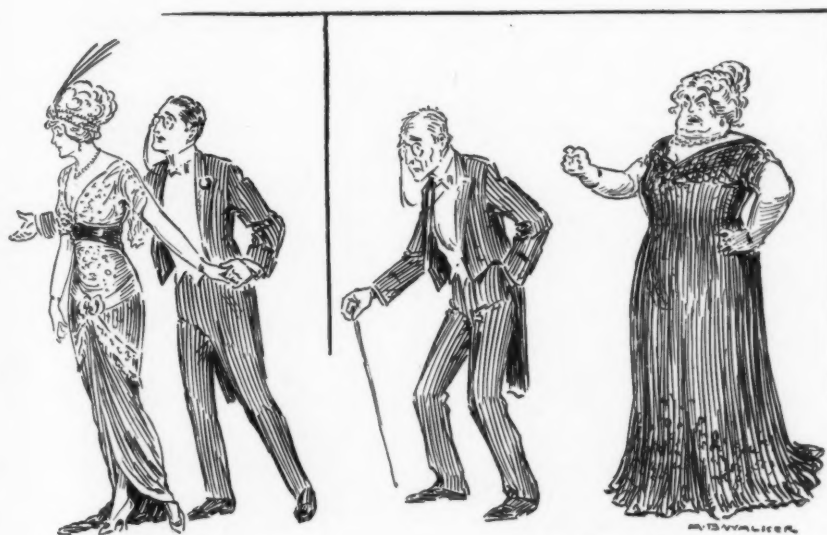
Then a page by our Popular Parsons,  
Each telling his noblest idea,  
"The Cowboy's Cold Christmas at  
Carson's",  
And a sob song, "Won't Santa Be  
Here?"

Then "Christmas with Uncle Sam's  
Middies",  
O'erflowing with nautical mirth;  
Next, "Make Your Own Christmas  
Cards, Kiddies!"  
With patterns of "Peace Upon Earth".

Then "Hints Upon Cooking and  
Service",  
Old recipes, trusty and tried;  
Like "How to Make Noodles Though  
Nervous",  
And "How Mother's Doughnuts  
Were Fried".

Ah, yes, you may look it all over,  
Not one of the standbys 'twill lack,  
From the holly-wreathed girl on the  
cover  
To the holly-wreathed "ad" on the  
back.

Carolyn Wells.



1914

1950

IS A THING OF BEAUTY REALLY A JOY FOREVER?

### Coming

IT was a bright winter morning in the year 1950. Desmard, starting to rise from his bed, leaned upon a spring that had been placed there for that purpose. Immediately, from the next room, there burst a martial strain of music. Jumping out of bed, he began to dress, keeping time to the trained orchestra that was now a regular part of his household.

At breakfast he was joined by his good wife. Seating themselves at the table, they were immediately surrounded by the musicians attached to every household. No conversation, of course, being possible, they talked to each other in the sign language, at which they had become adepts.

Breakfast over, Mr. Desmard entered his automobile. Sitting in the special box in the rear was the regular auto orchestra, consisting of three pieces and a drum, without which now no auto was complete. They moved merrily down the street to his office.

Entering he was greeted by "The Conquering Hero Comes" from his office band. He opened his mail to the tune of "We Won't Get Home Till Morning".

At noon there was a directors' meeting. Each director brought his own musicians.

"That's the best concert I ever heard," said one of the directors, congratulating Desmard at the conclusion.

That evening Desmard said to his wife, during the only five minutes intermission they had had during the day:

"Wonder how those people back in 1913 ever lived? Between meals they listened to almost absolutely nothing."

### General Orders

UNTIL further notice the following scale will be in force:

For dropping a bomb on a hospital, one Iron Cross.

For dropping a bomb on a church, two Iron Crosses.

For dropping a bomb on a cathedral, ten Iron Crosses.

This is for the encouragement of culture.

The old scale of one Iron Cross for killing a child, two for killing a woman and five for killing a Red Cross nurse will still be in force.

Commanders are urged to levy the utmost fine on captured towns which the places can stand. The Fatherland needs the money.

Use the white flag whenever possible for the purpose of luring on detachments of the enemy to places con-



"HAROLD, WILL YOU GIVE AUNTIE A BITE OF YOUR APPLE?"

"YEP, IF YOU'LL PROMISE TO TAKE THE BITE RIGHT WHERE THE WORM-HOLE IS."

venient for slaughtering. A white flag is only a scrap of linen.

Mine-layers should always be disguised as hospital ships.

Continue the good work of annihilating all the contemptible little armies you can find, particularly of the treacherous English. God will continue brilliantly to support you.

PAPA WILHELM.



THE OFFSPRING

AND TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO EACH SACRIFICED A LOVER TO MARRY ON THE EUGENIC THEORY

### What It Spells

Crushing Conditions.  
Haunting Hunger.  
Inevitable Illness.  
Low Living.  
Dismal Death.

Laws Lacking.  
Adroit Artifices.  
Big Business.  
Obedient Overseers.  
Rich Rewards.

A STATESMAN is a politician with whom you agree. A politician is a statesman with whom you disagree.



### Chancellor Day's Forecast

OUR good friend, Chancellor Jim Day, of Syracuse, is splendid about the war. When the Chancellor is wrong he is wronger than less strenuous spirits, and when he is right he is more gloriously right. He is right about the war, and so glorious. He has figured it out and announces the conclusion in *Leslie's*. The final issue, he says, is plain enough. When Great Britain came into the war, that settled it.

The result will be the return of Lorraine and Alsace to France, the repair of all damages and the payment of expenses to Belgium, a great war indemnity to Great Britain, France and Russia, and a great revolution in Germany that will send William II to join Napoleon III.

That is satisfactory to us except that we don't expect the Allies to exact an indemnity except for Belgium. And if Kaiser Bill is to be fired, the Germans must do it themselves. That is their affair. It is conceivable, however, that if the Germans are thrashed with sufficient emphasis, the Kaiser may be disgusted and declare that they are not worthy of him and retire to Corfu or Oyster Bay or some congenial place to rest his imperial head and try to recall at what precise point it was that he took the wrong turn of the road.

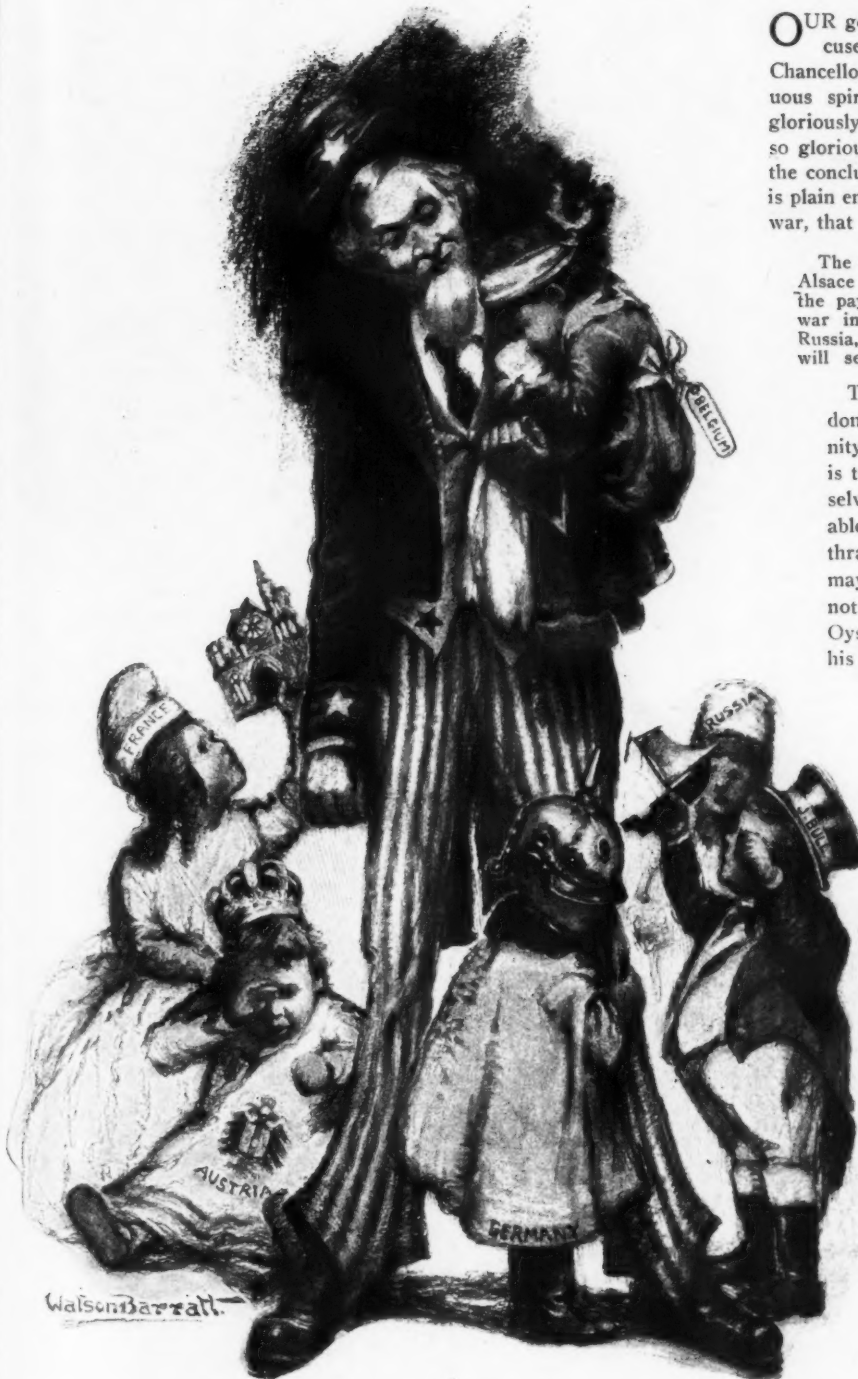
### S. and D.

The rate of interest will take care of itself to the satisfaction of both borrowers and lenders if there is not too much interference with money market processes.

—*New York Sun*.

**B**UT if it's fair for the bankers, who have heretofore pretty well controlled it, to interfere with it, why isn't it fair for the government? It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways.

What our neighbor means, we suppose, is that the law of supply and demand will take care of itself. But isn't that the trouble? The law of S. and D. hasn't been allowed to take care of itself. Too many of our leading magnates have tried too hard, in the immediate past, to readjust it for their own purposes.



"DADDY LONG-LEGS"



## AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

### Then War Was Declared

BRIGGS: We are coming around to see you this evening.

GRIGGS: That's right; but do me a favor, old man. Don't let your wife wear her new fall suit; I don't want my wife to see it just now.

BRIGGS: Why, man alive, that's just why we are coming.—*Boston Transcript.*

### Not Needed

Two college students were arraigned before the magistrate charged with hurdling the low spots in the road in their motor-car.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the magistrate.

"We're not going to have any lawyer," answered the elder of the students. "We've decided to tell the truth."

—*New York Times.*

### The Way Parents Regard It

"I hear a lot of talk nowadays about eugenics and the law of heredity. What is the law of heredity, anyhow?" asked the prominent club member of the president.

"Very simple," replied the president. "The law of heredity is that all undesirable traits come from the other parent."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*



"HANG IT, BILL, DON'T ACT LIKE THAT!  
YOU GET ME TO THINKIN' A FELLOW  
COULD FALL!"

### A Good Guess

"Is the editor in?" asked the man with the unbarbered hair and the shiny coat, as he fished a roll of paper from his pocket.

"No," replied the office-boy, "he has just gone out."

"This is the third time I have called to see him," growled the caller, "and each time you have told me that he has just gone out. What's the explanation?"

"I don't know," answered the office-boy, "but I guess he must have been born under a lucky star."—*Lippincott's.*

### The Difference

"Yes," said the world traveler, "the Chinese make it an invariable rule to settle all their debts on New Year's Day."

"So I understand," said the American host, "but, then, the Chinese don't have a Christmas the week before."

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

### Served 'Em Right

THE VICAR: For shame, my lad! What have those poor little fish done to be imprisoned upon the day of rest?

TOMMY: That—that's what they get for—*for chasing worms on a Sunday, sir.*—*John Bull.*

### No Sympathy

"Sir, your daughter has promised to become my wife."

"Well, don't come to me for sympathy; you might know something would happen to you, hanging around here five nights a week."—*Houston Post.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint Rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, 114 Southampton Row, London, W. C.

LIFE is for sale by all newsdealers in Great Britain and may be obtained from book-sellers in all the principal cities of the world. The foreign trade supplied from LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breems Buildings, London, E. C.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.

## "Choose Your Candies as You Would a Particular Friend"



### TANGO CHOCOLATES

The new confection for the particular in taste and the particular in choice. A perfect symphony in candy of all that can be desired: A sweet coating, deliciously appealing, covers the Fondants, Fruits and Nuts and the beautiful box, in Tango effect, indicates it as a gift of finest appreciation.

Every one knows that the measure of value, the test of superior excellence, in all Chocolates and Bonbons bears the name of

**PARK & TILFORD, New York**

Dealers and our stores

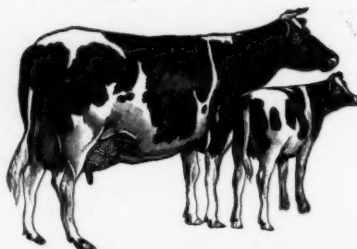
## PUREBRED HOLSTEINS PROVIDE THE MILK

for the inmates of the Cooley Farms, Warrensville, Ohio. There are over 2,000 acres owned by the City of Cleveland, and occupied by an old folks' home, tuberculosis tent colony, workhouse, colony house, barns, etc. The most modern ideas prevail in every detail of administration, including the food supply—an important item of which is the milk furnished exclusively by the large herd of Holstein-Friesian Cows.

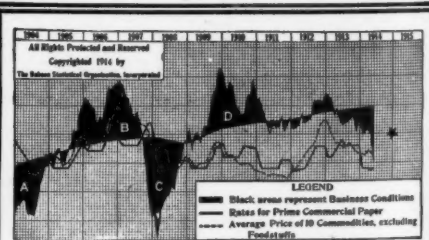
It is an absolute fact that purebred, registered Holsteins are invariably the final choice of every public institution or organization that attempts to produce milk on a scientific basis.

The significance of this will be appreciated by parents who desire to secure the milk that will be of greatest benefit in preserving and increasing the health of the family.

Write for our printed matter.



**THE HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA**  
7-X American Building Brattleboro, Vt.



\*Subscribers each week receive this Chart revised to date.

## What's Coming?

On the first Monday of January we shall issue a bulletin carefully analyzing

"The Outlook For 1915"

It will discuss impartially the mercantile, monetary and investment situations here and abroad.

This bulletin is of vital interest to manufacturers, merchants, bankers and investors, to whom it will be sent free.

Write at once to insure getting a copy.  
Address Dept. L-43 of the

**Babson Statistical Organization**  
Statistical Block, Wellesley Hills, Mass.  
Largest Statistical Organization of its Character in U. S.

## The War Bug and Machines

(Continued from page 1086.)

better than ever before, not only how to support life, but how to destroy it. Machinery has neither scruple nor compassion. The real predicament of modern men is that they are fighting machinery. Their slave has turned on them and is destroying them. When they see that clearly enough, they will deprive him of his destructive powers and send him back to his proper job.

In Samuel Butler's "Erewhon" there are curious chapters in which are given at length the arguments that induced the Erewhoners to destroy their machines for fear they would develop organic life and independent will power and overwhelm them. That has almost happened in the real world. We shall not destroy our machines, but we shall lash them back into servitude. As masters they would soon devour us all. Their great citadel is Essen. That seems forfeit to humanity, and though it is, even now, more industrial than military, it is so identified with destructive implements that there will be much sympathy with the sentiment that it should be destroyed.

E. S. Martin.



LOCKED OUT!

Mr. Ostrich: JUST MY LUCK TO GET HUNGRY AND SWALLOW MY NIGHT-KEY!

## The War Week by Week

As Seen from New York. Being  
Observations from LIFE by

EDWARD S. MARTIN Net \$1.00

Vital, original. LIFE's editorials on war's carnage from the point of view that man's main business is to live.

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY 681 5th Ave. NEW YORK



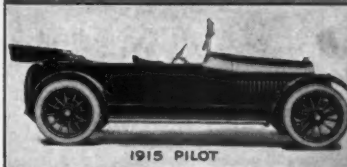
1915 LOCOMOBILE



1915 CHADWICK



1915 PIERCE-ARROW



1915 PILOT



1915 GLIDE

## Westinghouse Electric Systems Starting — Lighting — Ignition On the 1915 Models

**T**HIRTY-SEVEN makes of cars are featuring the Westinghouse Systems of Starting, Lighting or Ignition on their 1915 models.

In testing out these systems, the engineers of the various cars have considered them in connection with the hardest conditions under which they could be run and their abuse as well as their use.

In all of these tests the Westinghouse Systems have come through with a perfect score. They have proven their efficiency, their economy and their sturdiness.

Here are the cars whose engineers, many of them world famous, have approved the Westinghouse Systems, and whose builders are placing them on their 1915 products.

*Allen	*Davis	*Lenox	†Pierce-Arrow
*American La France	*Dorris	*Lexington-Howard	*Pilot
†Amplex	†F. I. A. T.	†Locomobile	†Pullman
*Auburn	*Glide	*Marion	†Richard
*Austin	*Halladay	*McFarlan	*Seagrove
†Briggs-Detroit	†Hupmobile	†Moreland	†Singer
†Case	†Kissel	†Norwalk	*Speedwell
†Chadwick	*Kline	*Ohio	†Standard Steel Car
*Crawford	†Lauth-Juerques	*Pathfinder	*Stewart
			*Vulcan

\*Starting, Lighting, and Ignition. †Starting and Lighting. ‡Lighting and Ignition.  
Sold to Automobile Manufacturers only Full information sent on request

**Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company**  
Automobile Equipment Department

Main Office, East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Forty-five Offices

Service Stations in Principal Cities



## A Splendid Position

**T**HE Single Tax," said the Madison Square orator, "will enable you to tell any beggar you meet to 'go to hell', because he will have only himself to blame."

If that's the case, let us have the Single Tax at once by all means. Such a strategical and brotherly attitude toward beggars is indeed a most benign and enviable one. Of course we could think of similar polite things to say to beggars even now if we wished, but the point is that beggars under the Single Tax would be of a higher order of understanding, and consequently more appreciative of such friendly little outbursts. On with the Single Tax and its entirely uncomplicated solution of the beggar question.



## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Exciting Times

"Well," mused six-year-old Harry, as he was being buttoned into a clean white suit, "this has been an exciting week, hasn't it, mother? Monday we went to the Zoo, Wednesday I lost a tooth, Thursday was Lily's birthday party, Friday I was sick, yesterday I had my hair cut, and now here I am rushing off to Sunday-school."—*Lippincott's*.

### An Ambiguous Warning

The Scotch minister rose and cleared his throat, but remained silent, while the congregation awaited the sermon in puzzled expectancy. At last he spoke: "There's a laddie awa' there in the gallery a kissin' a lassie," he said. "When he's done ah'll begin."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 52 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

### Most Missed

"So you don't like living in the country? What do you miss most since moving out of town?"

"Trains."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



### Is it Right to Tempt the Expressman?

WE-ELL—maybe not. But then, *everybody* can't drink Grape Juice—not with *real* enjoyment, at least. And a body's got to have some reliable medicine on hand in case of emergencies!

When you want a real drink ask for

**Old Saratoga**  
EXTRA FINE  
WHISKEY

and then make sure you get it.

If your dealer hasn't Old Saratoga in stock, send us six dollars and we will see that you get at once four full quarts, all charges paid.

**Rosskam, Gerstley & Co., Philadelphia**

The Aristocrat of Cigarettes

## RAMESES

Largest Selling 20c  
Cigarette

*Also in "Week End" tins of 100 each*

*Stephens Bros.*

### Making the Target

Two Irishmen arranged to fight a duel with pistols. One of them was distinctly stout, and when he saw his lean adversary facing him he raised an objection.

"Bedad!" he said, "I'm twice as big a target as he is, so I ought to stand twice as far away from him as he is from me."

"Be aisy now," replied his second. "I'll soon put that right."

Taking a piece of chalk from his pocket he drew lines down the stout man's coat, leaving a space between them.

"Now," he said, turning to the other man, "fire away, ye spalpeen, and remember that any hits outside that chalk line don't count."—*Lippincott's*.

### Parental Pride

He had become the happy father of twins, and his unbounded pride in this twofold distinctive blessedness found expression on every occasion.

While conversing with a friend one morning at the entrance to his office-building, a young woman passed wheeling a baby-carriage containing a bouncing baby boy.

"Doesn't a woman look queer," said the young father, loftily, "with only one child!"—*Harper's Magazine*.

"MEN are always late. I have waited here since six o'clock for my husband to come, and it is now seven-thirty."

"At what hour were you to meet him?" asked the woman who had joined her.

"At five o'clock."—*Buffalo Courier*.

"We've been married eight years and have never had an argument."

"Then you've never tried to dance any of the modern dances with your wife."—*Detroit Free Press*.



HIS BARK IS WORSE THAN HIS BITE

## P&O

The Best Regular Services to  
EGYPT, INDIA, CHINA, PHILIP-  
PINES, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW  
ZEALAND. Round World Trips  
and Winter Tours in INDIA.  
PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL S. N.  
CO. Full information from

CUNARD LINE, 21-24 State Street, N. Y.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

## Our News Columns in 1950

"SAFETY AT EASE" was the subject of a recent debate by the International Safety at Ease Convention, which meets once a year, having acquired this habit since a disaster to a steamer called the Titanic, which occurred many years ago and in which some lives were lost. It is believed that if the convention meets regularly every year, that in the course of time enough lifeboats will be provided to take away passengers. The convention, having enthusiastically adopted every resolution, adjourned.

Only four thousand were killed or injured in the streets of New York yesterday. Our city is to be congratulated on a number fewer than any day for several weeks past.

Yesterday afternoon a young woman was seen walking down Fifth Avenue with clothes on. She was followed by a large crowd.

Last evening the proprietor of one of our leading restaurants attempted to introduce music at meals, in accordance with a custom that used to prevail in this city. He narrowly escaped with his life—and yet there are some pessimists among us who say that the times have not improved.

A meeting of authors, the object being to put the copyright law on a just basis, was held yesterday afternoon in the public library. Several committees who have been at work upon the law for the past fifteen or twenty years



## Shave without Soap (or shaving brush)

The only quick way that is comfortable. All you need for a delightful, soothing shave is a razor and

## LLOYD'S EUX-E-SIS

No lather to work up—no shaving brush to bother with. Simply a delicate cream, which instantly softens the beard when rubbed lightly on the face—TRY IT!

Large tubes of all Dealers

Send 7c for sample tube to Dept. A.

PARK & TILFORD  
225 5th Ave., N. Y.

F. R. ARNOLD CO.  
7 W. 22nd St., N. Y.



## Send Him or Her a Distinctive Christmas Gift MARMAY MONOGRAM CIGARETTES

Made by HAND of Highest Type TURKISH Tobacco, blended to suit YOUR taste. Your own Monogram, Crest, Coat-of-Arms, Fraternity Marks, without extra cost.

TRIAL ORDER 100 FOR \$2.00

Print your initials, mark style monogram selected, designate Mild, Medium or Strong blend. If you desire to convince yourself, send 30 cents for 15 cigarettes, showing assortment of monograms, blends and tips.

Ladies' Sizes a Specialty

MARMAY MFG. CO., 136 So. 4th St., Philadelphia

## HAVONE

The Forget-Me-Not of Gifts

"Mr. Autobiographer" will be sent you if you will address Dept. C, HAVONE CORPORATION 21 Maiden Lane, New York



Two-thirds size, open

I am the 'forget-me-not' of gifts. I bring joy to the receiver, happiness to the giver.  
I am the tie that binds. All cigarette smokers consider me a treasure as every cigarette is a 'smoke' when carried by me.  
I am the Christmas gift that lives. If you would be thought of with every puff present him with a



At all the leading shops—  
\$4.50 in HAVONE silver plate  
\$5.25 in HAVONE 24 Karat gold plate  
\$12. and up in sterling according to design



"HOLD HIM, HENRY! HOLD HIM! SWEAR IF YOU HAVE TO!"

reported progress. It is hoped that in the next quarter of a century something can be done about it.

We are informed that an egg will be exhibited this afternoon at the Washington Market.

At the opening of the schools this year two million children applied for admission; representing that they were without shelter. The matter has been referred to a committee of the Board of Education, with instructions to do what they can.

Next Sunday afternoon two people will be married at the City Hall. This custom was at one time quite prevalent. The police will be asked to guard the entrance.

## "For he's a jolly good fellow"

A good way to tell him so and show that you really believe it and want to make him feel it is to send him a barrel containing 10 dozen bottles of good, old

# Evans' Ale

IT is quite as much a part of the Christmas celebration as a holly wreath or sprig of mistletoe and as necessary to the season's completeness. It oils the hinges of good fellowship and is the purveyor of good cheer.  
In bottles and splits. Dealers or C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.





## Lilas de Rigaud

*'The Perfume of Old-Fashioned Gardens and Tender Memories'*

LILAS DE RIGAUD is the exquisite essence of a beautiful past, brought back for your remembering. What more lovely gift to a friend than the reincarnation of an old joy (or to a nearer than friend)?

Treasured memories of the Old-fashioned Garden are stored lavishly in every drop of Lilas—the wonder-fragrance, full of the gold of the sun, the freshness of the dew, the wine of the South-wind, the magic of Spring.

Pass it on at Giving Time. It will carry a world of happiness as it goes.

Extract, Toilet Water, Talcum, Face Powder, Cold Cream, Sachet, all lilac-scented. For sale at high-class Toilet Goods Departments

Riker-Hegeman Co., 340 West Fourth St., New York, Representatives for United States

**RIGAUD,** 16 Rue de la Paix  
Paris

## Defects and Qualities of Tourists

MR. BALFOUR said in 1903 that he did not in the least understand the causes which had produced dislike to England in Germany. The Hartford Times explains that the Germans object to English manners, which are sometimes overbearing, and especially to "the entire indifference of some (not all) Englishmen to the opinion of others not in the charmed circle". But that makes the Springfield Republican "tremble over the ways of the American tourist abroad".

Doubtless the American tourist has his defects of deportment, but nobody will fight the United States on his account. He is quite good pay, and though he is often inexperienced and playful in a way of his own which may be trying to "natives", he is not stupid and not supercilious. Perhaps democracy has taught him that everybody's opinion has a value, if only as a measure of difference. Much more than the Englishman, the American tourist has the Missouri disposition to be taught. The objectionable Briton is the one that already knows.

THE Germans have found a trip to Ostend almost as costly in time of war as it is in time of peace.

—Boston Transcript.

## Books Received

*The Sprightly Adventures of Mr. Home Sweet Home*, by Harry Grant Dart. (Moffatt, Yard & Co. 50 cents.)

*A Pair of Sixes*, by Edward Peple. (Moffatt, Yard & Co. \$1.00.)

*The Convolvulus*, by Allen Norton. (Claire Marie, New York.)

*Paris War Days*, by Charles Inman. Barnard. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass. \$2.00.)

*The Print-Collectors' Booklets*, by Robert J. Wickenden. (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.)

*Dad*, by Albert Payson Terhune. (W. J. Watt & Co. \$1.25.)

*The Ego Book*, by Vance Thompson. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.00.)

*The German Enigma*, by Georges Bourdon. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.)

*Fellowship Books*, edited by Mary Stratton. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

*Origin and Meaning of the Old Testament*, by Theodore Wehle. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

*The French Army*, by "Ex-trooper" (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.00.)

*The British Army*, by E. Charles Vivian. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.00.)

## Christmas Presents

### ALFRED DUNHILL'S FAMOUS PIPES

Imported from London by us exclusively. Old Italian Bruyere Root—cool and sweet. \$3.50 postpaid.

#### M M IMPORTING CO. MIXTURE

An exceptionally mellow and fragrant long-cut pipe tobacco. \$2.50 a pound, postpaid.

#### HALF AND HALF CIGARETTES

Hand rolled of Purest Turkish Tobacco. Will not injure the throat. In cedar boxes, \$2.50 a hundred, postpaid.

Descriptive circulars on request.

**M M Importing Co.** 1-A East 45th Street  
New York

## The New Idea in Beverages

Pressed from world-famous white Niagara grapes, sun-ripened and luscious. Blended with an infusion of fresh, rich ginger root, purest cane sugar and grape fruit. A new flavor! A new deliciousness! An unfermented champagne with sparkle and exhilaration.



### HIRES CHAMPANALE

"Unfermented"

has quickly become a favorite dinner and banquet beverage. Particularly popular with the younger set. Served at the Waldorf-Astoria, Bellevue-Stratford, Ritz-Carlton, Adelphia, Martha Washington, and equally prominent hotels and leading clubs.

By all means, try a bottle! Sold by leading grocers.

The Charles E. Hires Co.  
Philadelphia

*In the highest Civilization the Book is still the highest delight—Emerson*



## Brentano's Christmas Book Boxes

**A Notable Christmas Innovation**  
An unusual and enduring GIFT, suitable for every age, taste and purse—**A BOX OF BOOKS.**

Purchasers can make their own choice, according to the amount they wish to spend, or, if selection is left with us, our best efforts will be given. A CATALOGUE, classified as to subjects, with prices, will be sent free upon request.

PRICES: \$2.00, \$5.00, \$7.00, \$10.00, and upwards, according to selection.

CATALOGUE will also contain a list of SINGLE VOLUMES of STANDARD AUTHORS, in FINE BINDINGS, also RARE and CHOICE BOOKS, and BOOKS in FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

Christmas Catalogues Free

**BRENTANO'S**

5th Ave. and 27th St. New York

*Cavalry*, by Friedrich von Bernhardi. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.00.)

*Innocent*, by Marie Corelli. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.35.)

*The Patrol of the Sundance Trail*, by Ralph Connor. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.25.)

*The Crystal Road*, by Mrs. Howard Gould. (John Lane Co. \$1.25.)

*The Jewel of Their Souls*, by Susan Taber. (Duffield & Co. \$1.25.)

*Two Old Cronies*, by Ward Macauley. (Duffield & Co. 50 cents.)

*The Peggy and Pussy Book*, by Mary A. Hays. (Duffield & Co.)

*Strange Playmates*, by Martha Strong Turner. (Duffield & Co.)

*Stories without Tears*, by Barry Pain. (F. A. Stokes Co. \$1.25.)

*Nat Goodwin's Book*, by Nat C. Goodwin. (R. L. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$3.00.)

*The Theatre of To-day*, by Hiram Kelly Moderswell. (John Lane Co. \$1.50.)

*Capers*, by W. J. Steinigans and Oliver Herford. (Devin-Adair Co.)

*The Wooing of a Recluse*, by Gregory Marwood. (Devin-Adair Co. \$1.35.)

*My Unknown Chum*, "Agnesheek". (Devin-Adair Co. \$1.50.)

*Beauty and Nick*, by Philip Gibbs. (Devin-Adair Co. \$1.35.)

*Woman and War*, by Oliver Schreiner. (F. A. Stokes Co. 50 cents.)

*Poems*, by Clinton Scollard. (Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.25.)

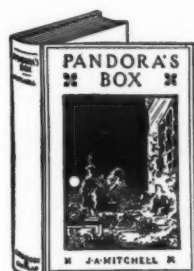
*Europe Since 1815*, by Charles Downer Hazen. (Henry Holt & Co.)

*Pelle the Conqueror*, by Martin Anderson Nexö. (Henry Holt & Co. \$1.40.)

*Design in Landscape Gardening*, by Ralph Rodney Root, B.S.A., M.L.A. (Century Co. \$2.00.)

*The Story-Life of Napoleon*, by Wayne Whipple. (Century Co. \$2.40.)





John Ames Mitchell, the Editor of "Life," wrote a novel, calling it "Pandora's Box." He tells us that "Pandora's Box" was written "for the pleasure of writing it. . . . To tell the story of two honest lovers was a perpetual delight." An intimate acquaintance with the two lovers in question convinces us that the reading of "Pandora's Box" will be as pleasure-giving as its writing. The book is fifty cents a copy, and may be obtained wherever books are sold. Where no dealer is available the publishers will supply it direct if parcel post charges are remitted with order. Mailing weight 1½ pounds.

**GROSSET & DUNLAP**  
526 West 26th Street  
NEW YORK CITY



## Foremost

in style, design, beauty, mechanism, is Rauch & Lang reputation where electric car exclusiveness prevails. Expert engineering of the highest recognition coupled with sixty years of master coach building gained this position.

Convenience, comfort, luxury, refinement, silence, safety, enduring satisfaction are qualities experienced by every owner of a Rauch & Lang Electric.

Seven new models—each for a demand—each a masterpiece.

New Catalog showing latest models sent upon application.

Ample daily mileage—faster than the law allows.

*Xmas shipments being made.*

*Dealers in all principal cities.*

### BRANCHES:

New York  
1800 Broadway  
Boston  
660 Beacon St.  
Philadelphia  
2314 Chestnut St.  
Cleveland  
629 Superior Ave.  
Minneapolis  
1207 Harmon Pl.  
Kansas City  
3501 Main St.

The  
RAUCH & LANG  
CARRIAGE CO.  
Cleveland

